DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD;

TOGETHER WITH SOME

FABLES,

COMPOSED FOR THE

EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

BY THE LATE

M. DE FENELON,

PRECEPTOR TO THE INFANTS OF FRANCE, AND AFTERWARDS ARCHBISHOP-DUKE OF CAMBRAY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

By Mr. ELPHINGSTON.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING THE

DIALOGUES OF THE ANCIENTS.

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DIALOGUES
OF THE
ANCIENTS.

MERCURY AND CHARON.

DIALOGUE I.

Here we ſee how thoſe that are intru[illegible] with the education of Princes, ſhould ſtrive to [illegible] their growing vices, and to inſtill into them [illegible]rtues proper to their ſtation.

CHARON.

WHAT is the reaſon thou arriveſt ſo late? do men die no more? hadſt thou forgot the wings of thy cap or hat? haſt thou been buſy ſtealing? or had Jove ſent thee a great way off upon any of his love-errands? haſt thou been playing Soſia? ſpeak.

MERCURY.

I have been playing a cully. I thought to have brought Prince Picrochole into thy bark to day; there would have been a fine prize.

CHARON.

What? ſo young!

MERCURY.

Ay; ſo young. he fancied himſelf very ill, and cri-

ed out, as if he had ſeen death at his elbow.

CHARON.

Well; ſhall we have him?

MERCURY.

He has cheated me ſo often, that I have no more faith in him; ſcarce was he in bed, when he forgot his ailment, and fell faſt aſleep.

CHARON.

But it was not then a real illneſs.

MERCURY.

It was a ſlight indiſpoſition, which he imagined a great one. many a time has he given ſuch alarms. I have heard him, in a fit of the cholic, wiſh his belly cut off; another time, chancing to bleed at the noſe, he thought his ſoul was going to drop out into his handkerchief.

CHARON.

How will he ever go to war?

MERCURY.

War! that he makes with cheſs-men, ſecure from harm or pain: he has already fought upwards of an hundred battles.

CHARON.

Woful war! it ſends me no paſſengers.

MERCURY.

I am in hopes, however, that if he can but ſhake off his trifling and effeminacy, he will make no ſmall buſtle one day. he has the choler and tears of Achilles; who knows but he may alſo have his courage?

he is mutinous enough to reſemble him; and they ſay he loves the Muſes; that he has a Chiron, a Phenix.

CHARON.

But all this anſwers not our purpoſe: we would need rather a young Prince, brutal, ignorant, unpoliſhed, who ſhould deſpiſe learning, and love nothing but arms; who, ever ready to glut himſelf with blood, ſhould place his glory in the miſeries of men. ſuch a one would fill my boat once a day.

MERCURY.

O ho! doſt thou want ſome of thoſe Princes, or rather monſters, ravenous of carnage. this is, I aſſure thee, of a gentler caſt. I believe he will love peace, and yet know how to make war; we ſee in him the beginnings of a great Prince, as we obſerve in the bud of a growing roſe what promiſes a beautiful flower.

CHARON.

But is he not fiery, and impetuous?

MERCURY.

That he is, to a ſtrange degree.

CHARON.

What meaneſt thou then by thy Muſes? he never will know any thing; he will ſpread diſorder all around him, and many a plaintive ghoſt will he ſend us; but ſo much the better.

MERCURY.

He is impetuous, but not miſchievous; he is curious, docile, and he has a high taſte for fine things; he loves honeſt men, and takes it kindly of thoſe who cor-

reſt him; if he do but get the better of his haſtineſs and indolence, he will make a wonderful figure, I foretel it thee.

CHARON.

What! haſty and indolent, that is a contradiction: thou dreameſt ſure.

MERCURY.

No; I don't dream. he is haſty to be angry, and indolent in diſcharging his duties; but he mends every day, and is undoubtedly reſerved for great things.

CHARON.

We ſhall not have him ſo ſoon then.

MERCURY.

No: his ailments are rather fits of impatience than real pains. Jupiter has deſtined him long to be a bleſſing to men.

HERCULES AND THESEUS.

DIALOGUE II.

The reproaches theſe two heroes caſt here upon each other give their hiſtory and character, in a ſhort and ingenious manner.

THESEUS.

HERCULES, thou ſurpriſeſt me: I imagined thee in high Olympus, at the table of the gods. the rumour went, that the fire upon mount Oeta had conſumed all the mortal nature thou hadſt from thy mother, and that nothing of thee remained, but what was come of Jupiter. there was likewiſe a current report that thou hadſt married Hebe, who has abundance of leiſure, now that Ganymede ſerves the nectar in her ſtead.

HERCULES.

Doſt thou not know that here is only my ghoſt?

THESEUS.

No more ſeeſt thou any thing but mine; though when it is here I have nothing in Olympus.

HERCULES.

That is, becauſe thou art not, like me, a ſon of Jove.

THESEUS.

Fine talking! did not Ethra my mother, and my father Egeus give out that I was the ſon of Neptune, as Alcmena, to cloak her crime, while Amphitryo was at the ſiege of Thebes, made him believe that Jupiter had honoured her with a viſit.

HERCULES.

Thou art very bold, methinks, to make ſo free with the ſubduer of monſters. I never underſtood joking.

THESEUS.

But thy ghoſt is not much to be feared; I am not going into Olympus, to laugh at the expence of the immortalized ſon of Jove. as for monſters, I have ſubdued ſome in my time as well as thou.

HERCULES.

Wouldſt thou preſume to compare thy feeble actions with my labours? the world will never forget the lion of Nemea, for which the Nemean games were inſtituted; the Lernean Hydra, with its multiplying heads, the Eremanthean boar, the brazen-footed ſtag, the Stymphalian birds; the Amazon I ſpoiled of her girdle, the ſtable of Augeas, the bull I drew into Heſperia, Cacus, whom I vanquiſhed, Diomede's horſes, which fed on human fleſh, three-headed Geryon, King of the Spains, the golden apples of the garden of the Heſperides; laſtly, Cerberus, whom I dragged out of hell, and forced to face the light.

THESEUS.

And did not I vanquiſh all the robbers of Greece,

drive Medea out of my father's houſe, ſlay the Minotaur, and find the Egris of the Labyrinth, which occaſioned the inſtitution of the Iſthmic games; and they are ſurely nothing inferior to thoſe of Nemea; moreover, I conquered the Amazons, who came to beſiege Athens: to theſe actions add the combat of the Lapithae, Jaſon's voyage for the golden fleece, and the hunting of the Calydonian boar, which I had ſo great a ſhare in; nay, I ventured as well as thou to deſcend into the infernal regions.

HERCULES.

Ay, but thou waſt puniſhed for thy mad enterpriſe; thou didſt not lay hold of Proſerpine. Cerberus, whom I dragged out of his dark den, devoured thy friend before thine eyes, and thou remainedſt a captive; haſt thou forgot that Caſtor and Pollux retook their ſiſter Helen out of thy hands? thou didſt alſo ſuffer them to carry off thy poor mother Ethra; all this ſpeaks but a puny hero: in fine, thou waſt expelled Athens; and, upon thy retiring into the iſle of Scyros, Lycomedes, who knew how accuſtomed thou wert to form unjuſt enterprizes, in order to be beforehand with thee, threw thee headlong from the top of a rock. there was a glorious end!

THESEUS.

And was thine, pray, more honourable! to fall in love with Omphale, with whoſe maids thou didſt handle the diſtaff; then to leave her for the young

Iole, to the prejudice of poor Dianira, to whom thou hadſt plighted thy faith; to receive and put on the Tunic, drenched in the blood of the centaur Neſſus; to grow ſo furious as to throw poor Lychas, who had done nothing to thee, down from the rocks of mount Oeta into the ſea; and when dying, to pray Philoctetes to conceal thy ſepulchre, that the world might believe thee a God. was this end more glorious than my death? it muſt be allowed, that before I was expelled by the Athenians, I had brought them out of their towns, where they lived quite barbarous, in order to civilize them, and to give them laws within the compaſs of a new city. as for thee, thou wert far enough from being a law-giver; thy whole merit lay in thy brawny arms, and broad ſhoulders.

HERCULES.

My ſhoulders have born the world, to relieve Atlas; beſides, my courage was admired; 'tis true, I was too much given to the women, but it well becomes thee to twit me with it! thee, that didſt ungratefully abandon Ariadne, who ſaved thy life in Crete; doſt thou think I have not heard of the Amazon Antiope, to whom thou proveditt alſo unfaithful? nor was Egle, who ſucceeded her, more fortunate; thou hadſt run away with Helen, but her brothers found means to puniſh thee for it; to ſuch a degree had Phedra blinded thee, that ſhe induced thee to be the deſtruction of thy ſon Hippolytus, whom thou hadſt by the Ama-

ſon; ſeveral others poſſeſſed thy heart, and did not poſſeſs it long.

THESEUS.

But after all, I never ſpun like him, who bore the world upon his ſhoulders.

HERCULES.

I give up to thee my inglorious and effeminate life in Lydia, but all the reſt is above man.

THESEUS.

So much the more thy ſhame, that all the reſt being above man, that paſſage ſhould be ſo far beneath him; beſides, thy labours thou doſt ſo much boaſt, thou performedſt only in obedience to Euryſtheus.

HERCULES.

Juno, 'tis true, had ſubjected me to her will; 'tis the fate of virtue to be delivered up to the perſecution of poltroons and miſcreants; but her perſecution ſerved only to exerciſe my patience and courage: on the contrary, thou didſt oft commit acts of injuſtice. happy had it been for the world, hadſt thou never got out of the labyrinth.

THESEUS.

Then it was I delivered Athens from the tribute of ſeven young men, and as many maidens, which Minos had impoſed on it, for the death of his ſon Androgeos. alas! my poor father Egeus, who looked out for me, thinking he ſaw the black ſail inſtead of the white, threw himſelf into the ſea, and I found him

dead at my arrival; from that time forth I governed Athens wiſely.

HERCULES.

How couldſt thou govern it, ſeeing thou waſt daily embarked in new expeditions of war, and ſetteſt all Greece on fire by thy amours?

THESEUS.

Let us talk no more of amours; upon that ſhameful head we are nothing behind hand with each other.

HERCULES.

I own it honeſtly; and even yield to thee in point of eloquence; but what decides betwixt us is, that thou art in the infernal regions, at the mercy of Pluto, whom thou haſt provoked, whereas I am in high Olympus, ranked with the immortal gods.

ACHILLES AND CHIRON.

DIALOGUE III.

A lively picture of the dangers to which hot-headed youth expose a Prince born to command.

ACHILLES.

WHAT do thy inſtructions now avail me? thou didſt never talk to me of ought but wiſdom, valour, glory, heroiſm; with all thy fine diſcourſes, here am I become a vain ſhadow; had it not been better for me to have paſſed a long and delightful life at the court of King Lycomedes, diſguiſed like a woman, with the Princeſſes, that King's daughters.

CHIRON.

Well; wilt thou beg leave of fate to return amongſt thoſe girls? thou ſhalt ſpin, thou ſhalt loſe all thy glory; a ſecond ſiege of Troy ſhall be formed without thee; the proud Agamemnon, thy enemy, ſhall be ſung by Homer; Therſites himſelf ſhall not be forgotten; but as for thee, thou ſhalt be ſhamefully buried in obſcurity.

ACHILLES.

Agamemnon run away with my glory! I remain

in ſhameful oblivion! I cannot bear the thought, and had rather fall once more by the hand of the coward Paris.

CHIRON.

My inſtructions upon virtue are not then to be deſpiſed.

ACHILLES.

I own it; but in order to improve them, I could wiſh to return to the world.

CHIRON.

What wouldſt thou do there a ſecond time?

ACHILLES.

Do there! I would avoid the quarrel I had with Agamemnon, and ſhould thereby ſave the life of my friend Patroclus, and the blood of ſo many other Greeks, whom I ſuffered to periſh by the cruel ſword of the Trojans, while I was rolling for deſpair upon the ſea ſhore like a mad-man.

CHIRON.

But had I not foretold thee that thy paſſion would make thee commit all thoſe extravagances?

ACHILLES.

'Tis true, thou hadſt told it me an hundred times; but does youth give ear to what is told it? it believes only what it ſees. O could I but grow young again.

CHIRON.

Thou wouldſt again grow paſſionate and untractable.

ACHILLES.

No; I promiſe thee.

CHIRON.

Ah! hadſt thou not promiſed me an hundred and an hundred times, in my Theſſalian cave, to command thyſelf, when thou wert at the ſiege of Troy; but didſt thou do it?

ACHILLES.

I confeſs I did not.

CHIRON.

No better wouldſt thou do it, wert thou to grow young again; thou wouldſt promiſe, as thou doſt promiſe, and wouldſt keep thy word, as thou didſt keep it.

ACHILLES.

Youth muſt, it ſeems, be a ſtrange diſtemper.

CHIRON.

Yet thou wouldſt again be ill of it.

ACHILLES.

'Tis true; but youth would be charming, could it be rendered moderate, and capable of reflection. now thou who knoweſt ſo many remedies, haſt thou never a one to cure that fiery heat, that boiling of the blood, more dangerous than a burning fever?

CHIRON.

The remedy is to fear one's ſelf, to credit wiſe men, to call them to aſſiſtance, ſo to improve paſt faults, as to foreſee thoſe that are to be avoided for the future, and frequently to invoke Minerva, whoſe

wiſdom is far beyond the outrageous valour of Mars.

ACHILLES.

Well, all this I'll do; if thou canſt obtain of Jove to recal me to the blooming youth I once enjoyed; prevail with him to reſtore thee alſo to the light, and ſo to ſubject me to thy commands, as was Hercules to thoſe of Euryſtheus.

CHIRON.

Agreed. I ſhall put up that prayer to the father of the gods, and I know that he will hear me; thou ſhalt revive after a long ſeries of ages, with genius, elevation of ſpirit, courage, taſte for the Muſes, but with an impatient and impetuous temper; thou ſhalt have Chiron by thee, and we ſhall ſee what uſe thou wilt make of him.

ACHILLES AND HOMER.

DIALOGUE IV.

An agreeable way of raiſing in the heart of a young Prince a love of the Belles Lettres, and of glory.

ACHILLES.

I Am overjoyed, great poet, that I have been the means of immortalizing thee. my quarrel with Agamemnon, my grief for the death of Patroclus, my combats with the Trojans, and the victory I gained over Hector, furniſhed thee with the fineſt ſubject of a poem that was ever ſeen.

HOMER.

The ſubject, I own, is a fine one; but I might eaſily have found other as fine ſubjects: one proof that there are ſuch, is, that I actually found ſome. the adventures of the wiſe and patient Ulyſſes are ſurely equal to the wrath of the impetuous Achilles.

ACHILLES.

What! compare the crafty and deceitful Ulyſſes with the ſon of Thetis, more terrible than Mars himſelf. away, ungrateful poet, or thou ſhalt feel——

HOMER.

Thou haſt forgot that ghoſts ſhould never fly into paſſion; a ſhade's wrath is not much to be feared; thou now haſt no other arms to make uſe of but good arguments.

ACHILLES.

How comeſt thou then to diſown that thou oweſt to me the glory of thy nobleſt poem? the other is only a rhapſody of old women's tales; every thing is languid, every thing ſavours of its old bard, whoſe vivacity is extinguiſhed, and who never knows when to have done.

HOMER.

Thou art like a great many people, who for want of being acquainted with the different kinds of writing, fancy that an author flags, when he paſſes from a fiery and rapid kind to another more mild and moderate; whereas, they ought to know, that perfection conſiſts in always obſerving the different characters, in varying the ſtyle according to the ſubjects, in riſing and ſinking with propriety, and in giving, by ſuch a contraſt, more marked and agreeable characters: one ſhould know how to ſound the trumpet, to touch the lyre, and even to play upon the rural pipe. I ſuppoſe thou wouldſt have me paint Calypſo, with her nymphs in her grotto, or Nauſicae on the ſea-ſhore, as the heroes and gods themſelves, warring at the gates of Troy. talk of war, it is thy province, and

never take upon thee to decide on poetry in my presence.

ACHILLES.

O! how haughty thou art, good blind bard! thou takeſt advantage of my death.

HOMER.

I take advantage alſo of my own; thou art now only the ghoſt of Achilles, and I am but the ſhade of Homer.

ACHILLES.

Ah! why can't I exert ſome of my former ſtrength upon this ungrateful ghoſt!

HOMER.

Since thou inſiſteſt ſo much upon my ingratitude, I will now at length undeceive thee. thou haſt furniſhed me with but one ſubject, which I could have found elſewhere; but I have given thee a glory, which no other could have given thee, and which never will decay.

ACHILLES.

How! doſt thou imagine that without thy verſes, the great Achilles would not have been admired by all nations, and in all ages?

HOMER.

Pleaſant vanity! for having ſhed more blood than another, at the ſiege of a city which was not taken till after thy death! how many heroes are there, who after vanquiſhing mighty nations, and conquering mighty kingdoms, lie, nevertheleſs, in the darkneſs of oblivion, nor are their very names known? the

Muſes alone can immortalize great actions. A King, who loves glory, has two things to do to acquire it; he firſt muſt merit it by virtue, and then make himſelf beloved by the darlings of the Muſes, who can ſing it to all poſterity.

ACHILLES.

But it does not always depend on Princes to have great poets; it was by chance, and long after my death, that thou conceiveſt the deſign of compoſing thy Iliad.

HOMER.

True; but when a Prince loves learning, there are always abundance of learned men formed during his reign; his rewards and eſteem excite a noble emulation; taſte improves; let him but love and favour the Muſes, they will ſoon produce inſpired men, to praiſe whatever is laudable in him; when a Prince wants a Homer, it is owing to his being unworthy to have one; his want of taſte attracts ignorance, groſneſs, and barbariſm; barbariſm diſhonours a whole nation, and takes away all hopes of laſting glory from the Prince who reigns over it. knoweſt thou not that Alexander, who is lately come down among us, wept that he had had no poet to do for him, what I have done for thee? this ſhewed his good taſte of glory: as for thee, thou oweſt every thing to me, and yet art not aſhamed to call me ungrateful; it is no longer time to fly out; thy choler before Troy was good to furniſh me the ſubject of a poem; but I cannot ſing the tranſ-

ports thou mighteſt have here, and ſo they would do thee no honour. remember only that the fatal ſiſter, having deprived thee of all other advantages, thou haſt now nothing leſt, but the great name thou holdeſt of my verſes. farewel. when thou art in better humour, I ſhall come and ſing to thee in this grove certain paſſages of the Iliad; ſuch as, the defeat of the Greeks in thy abſence, the conſternation of the Trojans, the moment thou appeareſt to revenge Patroclus; the gods themſelves, aſtoniſhed to ſee thee, as tho' it had been thundering Jove: after that, ſay, if thou dareſt, that Achilles owes not his glory to Homer.

ACHILLES AND ULYSSES.

DIALOGUE V.

The characters of Achilles and Ulysses.

ULYSSES.

GOOD-morrow, ſon of Thetis; I am at laſt come down, after a long life, to theſe gloomy manſions, whereinto thou waſt precipitated in the flower of thy age.

ACHILLES.

I lived but ſhort while, becauſe the unjuſt Fates did not permit that I ſhould acquire more glory than they are willing to grant to mortals.

ULYSSES.

They ſuffered me, however, to live a long time, amidſt infinite dangers, which I always got out of with honour.

ACHILLES.

What honour! to prevail always by craft! for my part, I never knew how to diſſemble, I knew only how to conquer.

ULYSSES.

Yet I was judged, after thy death, the moſt worthy to wear thy arms.

ACHILLES.

Poh! thou obtainedſt them by thy eloquence, not by thy courage. it ſhocks me to think that arms, made by the god Vulcan, and which my mother gave me, ſhould have been the reward of an artful talker.

ULYSSES.

Know that I have done greater things than thou: thou didſt fall before the city of Troy, while yet in all its glory; but I it was who overthrew it.

ACHILLES.

'Tis more glorious to periſh by the unjuſt wrath of the gods, after having vanquiſhed one's enemies, than to put an end to a war by lurking in a horſe's belly, and by making uſe of the myſteries of Minerva, in order to deceive one's enemies.

ULYSSES.

Haſt thou then forgot that the Greeks owe Achilles himſelf to me; but for me thou wouldſt have paſſed an inglorious life amongſt the daughters of King Lycomedes; to me thou oweſt all the glorious actions which I obliged thee to perform.

ACHILLES.

But after all, I did perform them, and thou never didſt perform any thing but acts of deceit; as for me, my being amongſt Lycomedes's daughters, was owing to my mother Thetis, who knew that I was to be killed at the ſiege of Troy, and had hid me there, in order to ſave my life: but thou, who wert not to die, why wert thou playing the mad-man with thy plough,

when Palamedes ſo cunningly diſcovered the trick. O! what joy it is to ſee a biter bit! he laid Telemachus, doſt thou remember, in the field, to ſee if thou wouldſt drive the plough over thy own ſon.

ULYSSES.

I do remember it, but I loved Penelope, and was unwilling to leave her. didſt not thou commit greater follies for Briſeis, when thou deſertedſt the camp of the Greeks, and waſt the cauſe of the death of thy friend Patroclus?

ACHILLES.

Ay; but when I returned, I revenged Patroclus, and vanquiſhed Hector. whom didſt thou ever vanquiſh in thy life, if it was not Irus, that beggar of Ithaca?

ULYSSES.

Penelope's lovers, and the Cyclop Polyphemus.

ACHILLES.

Thou treacherouſly took'ſt thoſe lovers knapping; they were men enervated by pleaſures, and almoſt always drunk; as for Polyphemus, thou ſhouldſt never ſpeak of him; hadſt thou dared to ſtay, he would have made thee pay very dear for the eye thou boredſt out to him in his ſleep.

ULYSSES.

But after all, I encountered for twenty years together at the ſiege of Troy, and in my travels, all the dangers and diſaſters that can exerciſe the courage and conduct of man. but what hadſt thou ever

to conduct? there was nothing in thee but a mad impetuosity, and a fury, which the vulgar and gross call courage: the hand of the coward Paris put a stop to its career.

ACHILLES.

But thou, who boastest of thy prudence, didst thou not foolishly get thyself killed by thy own son Telegonus, whom thou hadst by Circe, only for want of the precaution of making thyself known to him? there is a pleasant sage now to call me a fool!

ULYSSES.

Away; I leave thee with the ghost of Ajax, as brutal as thyself, and as jealous of my glory.

ULYSSES AND GRYLLUS.

DIALOGUE VI.

The condition of men were worſe than that of beaſts, did not ſolid philoſophy and true religion ſupport them.

ULYSSES.

ARE you not very glad, my dear Gryllus, to ſee me again, and to be in a capacity of re-aſſuming your ancient form?

GRYLLUS.

I am very glad to ſee you, favourite of Minerva; but as for the change of form, you'll excuſe me, if you pleaſe.

ULYSSES.

Alas! child, do you know what a figure you make? moſt certainly you have no fine perſon, you have a huge body, bending towards the earth, long dangling ears, little eyes, ſcarce half open, an horrid ſnout, a moſt diſadvantageous phyſiognomy, naſty hair, coarſe and briſtly; in ſhort, you are altogether a hideous perſonage; I tell it you, if you don't know it; and if you have ever ſo little ſpirit, you will think yourſelf too happy to become man again.

GRYLLUS.

Say what you will, I ſhall do no ſuch thing. the hog's trade is much prettier. 'tis true, my figure is not very elegant, but that I ſhall be rid of, if I never view myſelf in a glaſs; and, indeed, by the humour I have ſome time been in, I am in no great danger of looking into the water, and reproaching myſelf there with my uglineſs; I like a good puddle better than a cryſtal fountain.

ULYSSES.

Does not ſuch naſtineſs give you horror? you live upon nothing but ordure; you wallow in infectious places; you ſtink always enough to make one's ſtomach riſe.

GRYLLUS.

No matter; all depends on taſte: that ſmell is ſweeter to me than that of amber: and that ordure is nectar to me.

ULYSSES.

I bluſh for you; is it poſſible that you have ſo ſoon forgot what is noble and advantageous in humanity!

GRYLLUS.

Talk no more of humanity to me; its nobleneſs is only imaginary; all its evils are real, and its goods are but in idea. I have a naſty body, covered with briſtly hair, but then I have no more occaſion for cloaths; and you would be happier in your woful adventures, had you a body as hairy as mine, to ſupply the want of raiment; I find my food every where,

even in the moſt loathſome places; law-ſuits, and wars, and all the other embarraſſments of life are no longer any thing to me; I want neither cook, nor barber, nor taylor, nor architect; ſo you ſee I am free, and content at little coſt. why then re-involve myſelf in the wants of men?

ULYSSES.

'Tis true, man has great wants; but the arts he has invented to ſatisfy thoſe wants, turn to his glory, and are his delight.

GRYLLUS.

It is ſafer to be exempt from all thoſe wants, than to have the moſt wonderful means of remedying them; one had better enjoy a perfect ſtate of health, without any knowledge of medicine, than be ever ailing, with the beſt remedies.

ULYSSES.

But, my dear Gryllus, you no longer then make any account of eloquence, poetry, muſic, the knowledge of arts, and of the whole world, that of figures, and of numbers? have you renounced your dear country, the ſacrifices, feaſts, games, dances, combats, and the crowns, the rewards of the victors? anſwer me.

GRYLLUS.

My hoggiſh temper is ſo happy as to make me above all thoſe fine things. I had rather grunt than be as eloquent as you; what puts me out of conceit with eloquence is, that even yours, which almoſt equals that of Minerva herſelf, does neither perſuade, nor

touch me; I have no inclination to perſuade any one, and no occaſion to be perſuaded; I am as little curious of verſe as of proſe; all that is grown mere empty ſound to me; for combats of wreſtling and chariots, I willingly leave them to ſuch as are fond of a crown, as children of their play-things; I am no longer nimble enough to win the prize, and ſhall not at all envy it in another, leſs encumbered with bacon and fat; as to muſic, I have loſt the taſte for it, and taſte determines every thing; taſte, which attaches you to it, hath looſed me from my attachment: but let us talk no more of the matter; return to Ithaca. a hog's country is wherever there is acorn. go, reign, re-viſit Penelope, puniſh her lovers: as for me, my Penelope is the ſow hard by, who reigns in my ſty, and nothing diſturbs my empire. a great many Kings, in gilded palaces, cannot attain my happineſs; the world calls them drones, and unworthy of a throne, when they incline to reign like me, without tormenting mankind.

ULYSSES.

You don't conſider that a hog is at the mercy of men, and that it is fattened only to have its throat cut; with this fine reaſoning you will ſoon finiſh your deſtiny; and men, whoſe rank you don't chuſe to be in, will feed upon your bacon, your puddings, and your hams.

GRYLLUS.

That, it is true, is the danger of my ſtate: but has

not yours alſo its perils? I expoſe myſelf to death by an agreeable life, whereof the pleaſure is real; you expoſe yourſelf to a ſudden death, by an unhappy life, and for a chimerical glory. hence I conclude, that it is better to be a hog than a hero. were Apollo himſelf one day to ſing your victories, his ſong would eaſe none of your pains, nor would it ſecure you from death. the regimen of a hog is preferable.

ULYSSES.

You are then grown ſenſeleſs and brutiſh enough to deſpiſe the wiſdom which makes men almoſt equal to the gods?

GRYLLUS.

On the contrary, 'tis out of wiſdom that I deſpiſe men; 'tis impiety to ſuppoſe that they reſemble the gods, ſeeing they are blind and unjuſt, deceitful, miſchievous, unhappy, and worthy to be ſo; cruelly armed againſt one another, and as much enemies to themſelves as to their neighbours. what is the effect of that ſo much boaſted wiſdom? it does not reform the manners of men; it tends only to flatter and gratify their paſſions. were it not better to have no reaſon at all, than to have it to authorize the moſt unreaſonable things? ah! ſpeak no more to me of man; he is the moſt unjuſt, and, conſequently, the moſt unreaſonable of all animals. without flattery, an hog is a pretty good ſort of body; he makes neither falſe money, nor falſe contracts; he never perjures himſelf; he has neither avarice, nor ambition; glory never prompts

him to make unjuſt conqueſts; he is ingenious, and without malice; his life is ſpent in eating, drinking, and ſleeping; were every body like him, every body would ſleep as ſoundly, and you would not be here; Paris had not committed the rape of Helen; the Greeks had not overthrown the ſtately city of Troy, after a ten years ſiege; you never had ſo wandered by ſea and land at the will of fortune, and ſhould have had no occaſion to conquer your own kingdom. talk no more to me, therefore, of reaſon; for men have nothing but folly. is it not better to be a beaſt, than a wicked fool?

ULYSSES.

I vow I cannot enough wonder at your ſtupidity!

GRYLLUS.

A mighty wonder truly, that a hog ſhould be ſtupid! every one ought to maintain his character; you maintain yours of man, reſtleſs, eloquent, imperious, full of artifice, and diſturber of the public peace: the nation, in which I am incorporated, is modeſt, of few words, and hates all ſubtilty and fine ſpeeches. it goes directly to pleaſure, without ſtaying to argue the matter.

ULYSSES.

However, you cannot diſown but the immortality reſerved for men, exalts their condition infinitely above the beaſts. I am quite frightened at the blindneſs of Gryllus, when I think that he counts as nothing the delights of the Elyſian fields, where men live happy after their death.

GRYLLUS.

Hold, if you pleaſe; I am not ſo much a hog as to renounce the eſtate of man, would you ſhew me in man a real immortality; but to be a ghoſt, and that a plaintive ghoſt, which baſely regrets, even in the Elyſian fields, the parting with this miſerable world, I own that ſuch a ſhadow of immortality is not worth ſuffering any conſtraint for. Achilles, in the Elyſian fields, is now playing at quoit upon the graſs; but he would give all his glory, which is indeed but a dream, to be the infamous Therſites in the land of the living; that Achilles, ſo much cured of his paſſion for glory, is nothing; he is no more himſelf; his former courage and ſentiments are now no longer diſcoverable in him, 'tis an I don't know what, that remains of him, only to do him diſhonour; that vain ſhadow is no more Achilles, than mine is my body: think not, therefore, eloquent Ulyſſes, to dazzle me with a falſe appearance of immortality; I am for ſomewhat more real, for want of which I perſiſt in keeping my preſent ſtate; ſhew me that man has in him ſomething more noble than his body, and which is exempt from corruption; ſhew me that what thinks in man is not the body, but ſtill ſubſiſts after the diſſolution of that rude and diſordered machine; in fine, make appear that what remains of man after this life, is a being truly happy; evince that the gods are not unjuſt, and that there is beyond this life a ſolid reward for virtue, ever ſuffering here below; that inſtant, divine ſon of Laer-

tes, I run through dangers with you, I leave Circe's fly contented, I am no more a hog, I recommence man, and man upon guard againſt all pleaſures: by no other way ſhall you ever bring me to your aim; I had rather be a great greaſy hog, content with my ordure, than be a man, weak, vain, inconſtant, malicious, deceitful, and unjuſt, who hopes to be after his death, but a diſmal, whining ghoſt, and a phantom, diſcontented with its condition.

ROMULUS AND REMUS.

DIALOGUE II.

Greatneſs attained by guilt can give neither glory, nor happineſs.

REMUS.

SO, brother, you are at laſt in the ſame condition with myſelf! this was not worth putting me to death for; the few years you reigned alone are at an end; there is nothing of them remaining; and you would have paſſed them more agreeably, had you lived in peace, and ſhared the authority with me.

ROMULUS.

Had I had that moderation, I ſhould neither have founded the powerful city I have eſtabliſhed, nor made the conqueſts that have immortalized me.

REMUS.

You had better been leſs powerful, and more juſt and virtuous. I appeal to Minos and his two colleagues, who are about to judge you.

ROMULUS.

That is very hard. Upon earth none would have dared to judge me.

REMUS.

My blood, in which you imbrued your hands, will condemn you here below, and for ever blacken your reputation upon earth. you wanted authority and glory: authority did but juſt paſs through your hands, and vaniſhed away like a dream; as for glory, you never will have any. he cannot be a great man, who is not firſt an honeſt man; and one ſhould forſake crimes unworthy of men, who aſpires to the virtues of the gods. you had the inhumanity of a monſter, and you pretended to be a hero!

ROMULUS.

You would not have talked to me after this manner with impunity, when we were tracing out our city.

REMUS.

That is true, as I found to my coſt: but how is it that you are come down hither? it was ſaid you were become immortal.

ROMULUS.

My people were fooliſh enough to believe ſo.

ROMULUS AND TATIUS.

DIALOGUE VIII.

True heroiſm is incompatible with fraud and violence.

TATIUS.

I arrived here a little ſooner than thou; but at laſt we are here both; and thou art no farther forward than myſelf, nor better in thy affairs.

ROMULUS.

There is a wide difference: I can boaſt the glory of having founded an eternal city, with an empire which ſhall know no other bounds than thoſe of the univerſe; I have vanquiſhed the neighbouring nations; I have formed an invincible people, out of a parcel of fugitive criminals. what haſt thou ever done that may be compared with theſe wonders?

TATIUS.

Fine wonders truly! to get together a gang of thieves and rogues, to turn a ring-leader of banditti, to ravage the neighbouring countries with impunity, to carry off women by treachery, to have fraud and violence for one's only law, to butcher one's own brother: theſe are things, I confeſs, I have not done, thy city will ſtand as long as the gods ſhall pleaſe; but

it is raiſed upon very bad foundations. as for thine empire, it may eaſily extend; for thou taughtſt thy citizens nothing elſe but to uſurp the property of others. great need have they to be governed by a king more moderate and juſt than thou; and indeed I hear that Numa, my ſon-in-law, hath ſucceeded thee: he is wiſe, juſt, religious, beneficent; this is preciſely the man wanted to reform thy commonwealth, and to repair thy faults.

ROMULUS.

'Tis eaſy to paſs one's life in judging law-ſuits, appeaſing quarrels, and cauſing polity to be obſerved in a city; this is a ſilly conduct, and an obſcure life: but to get victories, to gain conqueſts, that is what makes the hero.

TATIUS.

Fine talking! 'tis a ſtrange heroiſm that, which tends only to aſſaſſinate thoſe one is jealous of.

ROMULUS.

How! aſſaſſinate! I find thou ſuſpecteſt me of having cauſed thy murder.

TATIUS

I do by no means ſuſpect thee; for I make not the ſmalleſt doubt of it; nay, I am ſure of it. thou hadſt been long impatient of my ſharing the royalty with thee; all who have paſſed the Styx ſince I did, have aſſured me that thou didſt not even ſave the appearances: no regret was there for my death, no care taken to revenge it, or to puniſh my murderers. but

thou haſt had thy deſert. when wicked men are taught to bucher one king, they will ſoon find means to make away with another.

ROMULUS.

Well, tho' I had cauſed thy murder, I ſhould but have followed the example of falſeneſs thou hadſt ſet me in deceiving that poor young woman Tarpeia; thou didſt want her to let thee come up with thy troops to ſurpriſe the rock which was from her name called Tarpeian; and for that end hadſt promiſed her what the Sabines wore on their left arm. ſhe thought to have the valuable bracelets ſhe had ſeen; but inſtead of them ſhe received all the bucklers, under which ſhe was buried on the ſpot: there was a perfidious and cruel action!

TATIUS.

Thine of cauſing me to be treacherouſly murdered is of a yet blacker dye: for we had ſworn alliance, and united our two nations. but I am revenged; thy ſenators found effectual means to put a ſtop to thy audaciouſneſs and tyranny. there remained not the ſmalleſt particle of thy mangled body; every one probably took care to carry off his piece under his robe, and thus wert thou made a god! Proculus ſaw thee with the majeſty of an immortal. art not thou content with theſe honours, thou who art ſo vain-glorious?

ROMULUS.

Not over well: but there is no help for my hard fate: they firſt tear me to pieces, and then fall down

and worſhip me. 'tis actually a ſort of deriſion. were I but alive, I would——

TATIUS.

It is no longer time to menace: ghoſts are no longer any thing. farewel, wicked wretch, I give thee up.

ROMULUS AND NUMA POMPILIUS.

DIALOGUE IX.

This dialogue ſhews how much the glory of a wiſe and peaceful king is more ſolid than that of an unjuſt conqueror.

ROMULUS.

YOU have been a great while of coming here, your reign has been wondrous long.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

The reaſon is, it has been very peaceable. the way to arrive at a good old age upon a throne, is to do hurt to no-body, not to abuſe authority, and to act in ſuch a manner, that it may be no man's intereſt to wiſh our death.

ROMULUS.

When one governs with ſo much moderation, he lives obſcurely and dies without glory: he has the trouble of governing, and authority gives him no pleaſure: it is far better to conquer, to bear down all oppoſition, and to aſpire to immortality.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

But wherein, I pray you, conſiſts your immortality? I heard you were in the rank of the gods, quaf-

ſing nectar at Jupiter's table; how is it then that I find you here?

ROMULUS.

To ſpeak ingenuouſly, the ſenators grown jealous of my power made away with me, and loaded me with honours after pulling me to pieces: they choſe rather to invoke me as a god, than obey me as their king.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

How! Proculus's ſtory was not true then.

ROMULUS.

Oh! do you not know how many things the people are made to believe? but why ſay I ſo? no-body knows better than you, who perſuaded them that you were inſpired by the nymph Egeria. Proculus ſeeing the people exaſperated at my death, was willing to ſoothe them by a fable. men love to be deceived: flattery aſſwages the greateſt griefs.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

All your immortality then was only ſome mortal ſtabs.

ROMULUS.

But I have had altars, prieſts, victims, incenſe.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

That incenſe is no ſort of balſam; you are nothing the leſs here a vain and impotent ſhadow, without hopes of ever ſeeing again the light of day. you ſee then that there is nothing ſo ſolidly advantageous as being good, juſt, moderate, and beloved by one's people: for ſo a perſon lives long, is always in peace;

he has no incenſe indeed, does not paſs for immortal; but he enjoys good health, reigns without diſturbance, and does a great deal of good to the men he governs.

ROMULUS.

You who lived ſo long, were not young when you begun to reign.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

I was forty years old, and that was my happineſs: had I begun to reign ſooner, I had been without experience and without wiſdom, expoſed to all my paſſions. power is too dangerous a thing when one is young and fiery; and that you fatally experienced, who in your paſſion killed your own brother, and rendered yourſelf inſupportable to all your citizens.

ROMULUS.

To have lived ſo long, you muſt have had a ſtrong and faithful guard about you.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

So far from that, the firſt thing I did was to part with thoſe three hundred guards you had ſelected, which were called Celeres. a man who accepts the royalty with reluctance, who does not chuſe it but for the public good, and would be content to reſign it, has not death to fear like a tyrant. for my part, I thought I did the Romans a favour in governing them: I lived poor, to enrich the people; all the neighbouring nations would have wiſhed to be under my conduct. in this ſituation, what need for guards?

as for me, a poor mortal, it was no-body's intereſt to beſtow on me the immortality of which the ſenate judged you worthy. my guard was the affection of the citizens, who looked upon me as their father. may not a king truſt his life to a people, which truſts him with their property, their peace, their preſervation? the confidence is equal on both ſides.

ROMULUS.

To hear you talk, one would think you had been king againſt your will: but you deceived the people in that, as you impoſed on them in the affair of religion.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

A deputation came to fetch me out of my retirement at Cures: at firſt I repreſented, that I was by no means fit to govern a warlike people, accuſtomed to conqueſts; that they would need a Romulus, ever ready to vanquiſh: I added, that Tatius's death and your's made me not over ambitious of ſucceeding thoſe two kings; in fine, I repreſented that I had never been at war. they perſiſted in deſiring me: I yielded: but I always lived poor, plain, moderate in the royalty, without preferring myſelf to any citizen. I ſo united the two nations of the Sabines and Romans, that they can no more be diſtinguiſhed. I revived the golden age; all the nations not only adjacent to Rome, but even throughout Italy, taſted the plenty I every where diffuſed: agriculture, brought into re-

pute, civilized the fierce people, and attached them to their country, without giving them a reſtleſs paſſion to invade the lands of their neighbours.

ROMULUS.

Such peace and plenty ſerve only to puff up a people, to render them refractory to their king, and effeminate in themſelves; inſomuch that they are never after able to ſupport the fatigues and perils of war. had any power come to attack you, what would you have done; you who had never ſeen any thing of war? you muſt have told the enemy to ſtay till you had conſulted the nymph.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

If I did not know how to make war like you, I knew how to avoid it, and to get myſelf reſpected and beloved by all my neighbours. I gave the Romans laws, which, by making them juſt, laborious and ſober, will render them always ſufficiently formidable to any who would wiſh to attack them. I am ſtill greatly afraid that they retain too much of the ſpirit of rapine and violence which you had cultivated in them.

XERXES

AND

LEONIDAS.

DIALOGUE X.

'Tis wiſdom and valour that render States invincible, and not the great number of ſubjects, nor the boundleſs authority of princes.

XERXES.

I Mean, Leonidas, to do thee no ſmall honour: be it thy own fault, if thou art not henceforth always in my retinue on the Stygian ſhore.

LEONIDAS.

I came down hither for no other end but to avoid ever ſeeing thee, and to repel thy tyranny. go ſeek thy women, thy eunuchs, thy ſlaves and thy flatterers. theſe be thy proper company.

XERXES.

Do but mark the rude, inſolent fellow! a beggarly dog, who had never ought but the name of king without the authority, a captain of banditti. what! thou art not aſhamed to compare thyſelf to the great king? haſt thou then forgot how I covered the earth

with ſoldiers, and the ſea with ſhips? knoweſt thou not that my army could not ſlake its thirſt at one meal without drying up whole rivers?

LEONIDAS.

How dareſt thou boaſt the multitude of thy troops? three hundred Spartans, whom I commanded at Thermopylae, were cut off by thy numberleſs army, but could not be conquered: they fell not, till weary with ſlaughter. ſeeſt thou not thoſe crowds of wandering ghoſts that over-ſpread the ſhore? theſe be the twenty thouſand Perſians we ſlew: ask them how many other men, and eſpecially of thine, one ſingle Spartan is worth. it is valour, and not number that renders troops invincible.

XERXES.

That action of thine was an effort of madneſs and deſpair.

LEONIDAS.

No; it was a wiſe and generous action: we thought it our duty to devote ourſelves to a certain death, in order to teach thee what it is to pretend to bring the Greeks into ſervitude, and in order to give all Greece time to prepare itſelf to conquer or periſh like ourſelves: and actually that example of courage did aſtoniſh the Perſians, and reanimate the diſpirited Grecians. our death was well beſtowed.

XERXES.

Oh! how ſorry I am that I did not enter into the

Peloponneſe, after I had ravaged Attica! I would have laid thy Lacedemon in aſhes, as I did Athens; and thee, impudent wretch, I would have——

LEONIDAS.

'Tis no longer time either to abuſe or flatter; we are now in the land of truth. doſt thou imagine thou art ſtill the great king? thy treaſures are far away from thee; thou haſt no more guards nor armies, no more pomp nor pleaſures; panegyric comes no more to tickle thine ears. thou now art naked, ſingle, and about to be judged by Minos; but thy ghoſt is ſtill very choleric and haughty: thou wert not more furious when thou commandedſt the ſea to be whipt; for which piece of extravagant folly, thou didſt well deſerve whipping thyſelf: and thoſe gilded chains, doſt thou remember them, which thou cauſedſt to be thrown into the Helleſpont, in order to bold the ſtorms in thy ſlavery. a pretty fellow, to ſubdue the ſea! thou wert ſoon after fain to repaſs with all ſpeed into Aſia, in a bark like a poor fiſher-man. behold to what comes the fooliſh vanity of men, who want to force the laws of nature, and to forget their own weakneſs.

XERXES.

Ah! kings who can do any thing (I ſee it plainly, but alas! I ſee it too late) fall a prey to all their paſſions. how is it poſſible for one that is a man to reſiſt his own power, and the flattery of all who ſurround

him? O what a misfortune it is to be born amidſt ſo great perils!

LEONIDAS.

That is the reaſon why I count my royalty preferable to thine: I was king upon condition of leading an hard, ſober and laborious life, like my people. I was king for no other end but to defend my country, and to make the laws reign: my royalty gave me the power of doing good without permitting me to do evil.

XERXES.

Ay, but thou waſt poor, without ſplendor, without authority; one of my ſatraps was far greater and more magnificent than thou.

LEONIDAS.

I ſhould not indeed have had wherewithal to pierce mount Athos like thee; nay, I believe that every one of thy ſatraps imbezel'd more gold and ſilver than we had in our whole commonwealth: but our arms, without being gilded, could very well make ſhift to pierce theſe cowardly and effeminate fellows, whoſe innumerable multitude inſpired thee with ſo vain a confidence.

XERXES.

But after all, had I entered immediately into the Peloponneſe, all Greece had been in chains; not a city, not even thine, could have reſiſted me.

LEONIDAS.

I believe it might have been as thou ſayeſt, and 'tis that makes me deſpiſe the great power of a barbarous people, which is neither inſtructed nor diſciplined. they want wiſe counſels, or if any ſuch are offered, they know not how to follow them, and always prefer others that are weak or deceitful.

XERXES.

The Greeks were propoſing to make a wall, in order to cloſe the Iſthmus; but it was not yet made; and ſo I could have entered.

LEONIDAS.

The wall was not yet made, it is true; but thou wert not made to prevent thoſe who propoſed to make it. thy weakneſs was a yet greater ſecurity to the Greeks than their own ſtrength.

XERXES.

Had I taken that iſthmus, I would have ſhewn——

LEONIDAS.

Some other blunder; for ſome ſuch thou muſt needs have committed, depraved as thou wert by luxury, pride, and an abhorrence of ſincere counſels: thou wert eaſier to ſurprize than the Iſthmus.

XERXES.

But I was neither the coward nor the brute thou didſt imagine me.

LEONIDAS.

Thou hadſt naturally courage and goodneſs of

heart: the tears thou ſhedſt at the ſight of ſo many thouſands, not one of whom was to remain on the earth before the end of a century, ſufficiently declare thy humanity. that was the moſt beautiful paſſage of thy life. if thou hadſt not been too powerful and happy a king, thou wouldſt have been a tolerably honeſt man.

SOLON AND PISISTRATUS.

DIALOGUE XI.

Tyranny proves oftentimes more fatal to the ſovereign than the ſubject.

SOLON.

WELL, thou thought'ſt to become the happieſt of mortals, by making thy fellow-citizens thy ſlaves; behold, thou art much the better for it! thou didſt deſpiſe all my remonſtrances, and trample all my laws under thy feet; what reap'ſt thou now from thy tyranny but the execration of the Athenians, and the juſt puniſhments thou art about to endure in black Tartarus.

PISISTRATUS.

But I governed with lenity enough. 'tis true I was willing to govern, and to ſacrifice whatever was ſuſpicious to my authority.

SOLON.

That is juſt what is called a tyrant. he does not do evil for the ſole pleaſure of doing it; but he ſticks at nothing he thinks conducive to the encreaſe of his greatneſs.

PISISTRATUS.

I wanted to acquire glory.

SOLON.

What glory is it to inſlave one's country, and to paſs, to all poſterity, for an impious wretch, who knew neither juſtice, honour, nor humanity. thou ſhouldſt have acquired glory, like ſo many other Greeks, by ſerving thy country, and not by oppreſſing it as thou haſt done.

PISISTRATUS.

But when one has ſpirit, genius, and eloquence enough to govern, it is very hard to paſs one's life in a ſtate of dependence upon a capricious people.

SOLON.

I grānt it; but one ſhould endeavour to manage the people juſtly by the authority of the laws. I who ſpeak to thee was, thou well knoweſt, of the royal race; but did I ever ſhew any ambition to govern Athens? on the contrary, I ſacrificed every thing to put ſalutary laws in force: I lived poor: I never would make uſe of any thing but perſuaſion and good example, which are the arms of virtue. ſay, was this thy manner of acting?

PISISTRATUS.

No; but the matter was, I meant to leave the royalty to my children.

SOLON.

And well thou haſt ſucceeded! for all the inheri-

tance thou haſt left them is the public hatred and abhorrence. the moſt generous citizens have merited an immortal glory and ſtatues for poniarding the one; the other, a fugitive, is gone ſervilely to a barbarous king, to implore his aſſiſtance againſt his own native country. ſuch be the poſſeſſions thou haſt left thy children! hadſt thou left them the love of their country, and a contempt of pageantry, they had ſtill been living happy amongſt the Athenians.

PISISTRATUS.

But what! live without glory in obſcurity?

SOLON.

Is glory acquired only by crimes? it is to be fought in war againſt enemies, in all the virtues of a good citizen, in the contempt of every thing that intoxicates and enervates men. O Piſiſtratus, glory is a fine thing! happy they who know how to find it! but how pernicious is it to propoſe finding it where it is not!

PISISTRATUS.

But the people had too much liberty; and a people too free is the moſt inſupportable of all tyrants.

SOLON.

Thou ſhouldſt have aſſiſted me, to moderate the liberty of the people, by eſtabliſhing my laws; and not have overturned the laws to tyrannize over the people. thou haſt done like a father, who, to render his ſon moderate and tractable, ſhould ſell him into ſlavery for life.

PISISTRATUS.

But the Athenians are too jealous of their liberty.

SOLON.

It is true the Athenians are jealous to exceſs of a liberty that belongs to them; but wert not thou ſtill more jealous of a tyranny which could not poſſibly belong to thee?

PISISTRATUS.

I had not patience to ſee the people at the mercy of the ſophiſts and rhetoricians, who prevailed over perſons of wiſdom and diſcretion.

SOLON.

It was ſtill better that the ſophiſts and rhetoricians ſhould ſometimes gull the people by their argumentations and eloquence, than to ſee thee ſtop the mouths of both good and bad counſellors, in order to cruſh the people, and hear nothing but thy own paſſions. but what ſweets didſt thou taſte in that power? what can be the charm of tyranny?

PISISTRATUS.

Why, it is, to be feared by every-body, to fear no-body, and to be able to do any thing.

SOLON.

Fool, thou hadſt every thing to fear, and that thou didſt experience, when thou felleſt from the top of thy fortune, and hadſt ſo much ado to riſe again. thou findſt it alſo in thy children. who was it had moſt to fear, thou or the Athenians? whether the Athenians, who groaning under the yoke of bondage deteſted

thee, or thou who wert always to fear being betrayed, diſpoſſeſſed, and puniſhed for thy uſurpation? thou hadſt therefore more to fear than the very captive people, to whom thou renderedſt thyſelf ſo formidable.

PISISTRATUS.

I frankly own that tyranny gave me no real pleaſure; but I ſhould never have had the courage to part with it: by loſing the authority I ſhould have fallen into a mortal languor.

SOLON.

Acknowledge then how pernicious tyranny is to the tyrant, as well as to the people: the poſſeſſion gives him no happineſs; and the privation gives him miſery.

SOLON AND JUSTINIAN.

DIALOGUE XII.

A juſt notion of the laws fit to render a people good and happy.

JUSTINIAN.

THERE is nothing like the majeſty of the Roman laws. you had with the Greeks the reputation of a great lawgiver; but had you lived amongſt us, your glory would have been much eclipſed.

SOLON.

For what reaſon? ſhould I have been deſpiſed in your country?

JUSTINIAN.

Why, the Romans have vaſtly improved upon the Greeks, both for the number and perfection of their laws.

SOLON.

Wherein, pray, have they improved?

JUSTINIAN.

We have an infinity of admirable laws, which have been made at different times. I ſhall in all ages have the glory of having compiled in my code all that great body of laws.

SOLON.

I have often heard Cicero ſay here below, that the laws of the twelve tables were the moſt perfect the Romans ever had. you'll give me leave to obſerve by the way, that thoſe laws travelled from Greece to Rome, and that they came chiefly from Lacedemon.

JUSTINIAN.

Let them come from whence you pleaſe, they were too ſimple, and too ſhort, to enter into competition with our laws, which have foreſeen every thing, determined every thing, put every thing in order with an infinite particularity.

SOLON.

For my part, I thought that laws, in order to be good, were to be clear, ſimple, ſhort, adapted to a whole people, who are to underſtand them, to retain them eaſily, to love them, to obey them upon all occaſions, and at all times.

JUSTINIAN.

But ſimple and ſhort laws do by no means afford ſufficient exerciſe for the learning and genius of the lawyer; they don't deſcend enough into curious queſtions.

SOLON.

I confeſs it ſeemed to me, that laws were made on purpoſe to avoid knotty queſtions, and to preſerve amongſt a people good morals, order and peace: but you inform me, that they ought to give exerciſe to ſubtle wits, and to furniſh out matter of pleading.

JUSTINIAN.

Rome has produced learned lawyers: Sparta had nothing but ignorant ſoldiers.

SOLON.

I ſhould have taken good laws to be ſuch as prevent any occaſion for lawyers, and enable all the ignorant to live in peace under the protection of thoſe ſimple and clear laws, without being reduced to the neceſſity of conſulting vain ſophiſters about the ſenſe of different texts, and the manner of reconciling them. I ſhould conclude laws not very good, when they require ſo many learned men to explain them, and who are never agreed amongſt themſelves.

JUSTINIAN.

In order to adjuſt every thing, I made my compilation.

SOLON.

Tribonian told me but yeſterday, that it was he who made it.

JUSTINIAN.

'Tis very true: but he did it by my orders: it is not for an emperor to perform ſuch a work himſelf.

SOLON.

I, for my part, who have reigned, thought that the principal function of a people's governor was, to give them laws which ſhould rule at once the king and the people, in order to make them good and happy. to command armies, to win victories, is nothing in compariſon of the glory of a lawgiver. but to re-

turn to your Tribonian: he hath made but a compilation of occaſional laws, which have often varied; and you never had a true body of laws all made together, upon one uniform plan, to form the manners and whole government of a nation: it is a collection of particular laws for deciding upon the reciprocal pretenſions of private perſons; but the Greeks alone have the glory of having made fundamental laws for conducting a people on philoſophical principles, and regulating its whole policy and government. as for the multitude of your laws, which you ſo much boaſt of, 'tis that makes me believe, you either have never had good ones, or that you have not known how to preſerve them in their ſimplicity. for the right governing of a people, there need but few judges, and few laws: there are few men capable of being judges; the multitude of judges corrupts every thing: the multitude of laws is no leſs pernicious; they come to be no longer underſtood, no longer kept: when once there are ſo many, men grow accuſtomed to reverence them in appearance, and to break them under ſpecious pretexts. vanity cauſes them to be made with ſolemn pomp; avarice and the other paſſions cauſe them to be deſpiſed. people ſport with them through the ſubtlety of the ſophiſts, who expound them as every one requires for his money. hence ariſes chicane, a monſter born to devour mankind. I judge of cauſes by their effects. laws appear to me good only in the countries where there is no

pleading, and where ſimple and ſhort laws have avoided all queſtions. I would have neither diſpoſitions by will, nor adoptions, nor diſinheritings, nor entails, nor borrowings, nor ſellings, nor exchanges. I would have but a very narrow tract of land in each family; this eſtate to be unalienable, and the magiſtrate to divide it equally amongſt the children, according to the law, after the father's death. when families ſhould multiply too faſt in proportion to the extent of the lands, I would ſend off a part of the people to make a colony in ſome deſert iſland. for this one ſhort and ſimple rule, I would willingly diſpenſe with all your traſh of laws, and turn my thoughts wholly towards regulating the manners, towards training up the youth to ſobriety, labour, patience; to the contempt of ſoftneſs, to fortitude againſt pain and againſt death. this were better than ſubtilizing upon contracts and guardianſhips.

JUSTINIAN.

By ſuch dry laws you would utterly deſtroy all that is ingenious in juriſprudence.

SOLON.

I like ſimple, harſh, and unpoliſhed laws better than an ingenious art of diſturbing mens quiet, and ſapping the foundation of morals. never were there ſo many laws as in your time; never was your empire ſo ſoft, ſo effeminate, ſo degenerate, ſo unworthy of the ancient Romans who bore ſome reſemblance to the Spartans. you were yourſelf but a cheat-

ing, impious villain, a deſtroyer of good laws, a compound of vanity and falſhood; and your Tribonian was as wicked, as double and as diſſolute. Procopius unmasked you. but to return to laws: they are laws only ſo far as they are eaſily conceived, confided in, beloved, obeyed; and are good only ſo far as their execution renders the lieges good and happy. you made none either good or happy by your pompous compilation: whence I conclude, that it deſerves to be burned. I ſee you grow angry: imperial majeſty thinks itſelf above truth; but its ſhade is no more than a ſhadow, to which one may tell truth with impunity: however, to appeaſe your kindled wrath, I'll retire.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DIALOGUE XIII.

A compariſon of Democritus and Heraclitus, wherein the advantage is given to the latter, as being the more humane.

DEMOCRITUS.

I Can never be reconciled to a melancholy philoſophy.

HERACLITUS.

Nor I, to a merry one. when a man is wiſe, he ſees nothing in the world but what is prepoſterous, and diſpleaſing.

DEMOCRITUS.

You take things in too great earneſt, and that does you harm.

HERACLITUS.

You take them in too great jeſt: your fleering air is rather that of a ſatyr than of a philoſopher. are you nothing touched to ſee mankind ſo blind, ſo corrupt, gone ſo aſtray?

DEMOCRITUS.

I am much more touched to ſee them ſo impertinent and ſo ridiculous.

HERACLITUS.

But after all, that mankind you laugh at, is the whole world with which you live; 'tis the ſociety of your friends, 'tis your family, 'tis yourſelf.

DEMOCRITUS.

I care very little for all the fools I ſee, and count myſelf very wiſe in making a jeſt of them.

HERACLITUS.

If they are fools, you are neither very wiſe nor good-natured, inſtead of pitying them to inſult their folly: beſides, how are you ſure that you are not as extravagant as they?

DEMOCRITUS.

That I cannot be, thinking in all things the direct contrary to what they think.

HERACLITUS.

There are follies of various kinds. by ſo conſtantly contradicting the follies of others you poſſibly run into an oppoſite extreme, which is no leſs fooliſh.

DEMOCRITUS.

Fancy what you pleaſe, and weep over me too, if you have any tears to ſpare. for my part, I am content with laughing at fools. prithee are not all men ſuch?

HERACLITUS.

Alas! they are too too much ſo, and that is what grieves my heart: you and I agree in this point, that men do not follow reaſon: but I, who will not do

as they do, will follow reaſon, which obliges me to love them; and that love fills me with compaſſion for their errors. am I to blame for pitying my own ſpecies, my brethren, what is in a manner a part of myſelf? ſhould you chance to go into an hoſpital of wounded perſons, would their wounds excite your mirth? now the ſores of the body are nothing in compariſon of thoſe of the mind: ſure you would be aſhamed of your cruelty, had you laughed at a poor wretch maimed of a leg; and yet you have the inhumanity to make ſport of the whole world who have loſt their reaſon.

DEMOCRITUS.

He who has loſt a leg is to be pitied, in that himſelf did not deprive him of that member: but he who loſes reaſon, loſes it through his own fault.

HERACLITUS.

Ah! ſo much the more to be pitied! a furious madman who ſhould pluck out his own eyes, would be ſtill more worthy of compaſſion than an ordinary blind man.

DEMOCRITUS.

Come, let us make up the mater; there is room to juſtify us both: there is every where reaſon to laugh, and reaſon to cry. the world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it: it is deplorable, and you weep at it. every one conſiders it in his own way, and according to his own temper: one thing certain is, that the world is prepoſterous; to act well, to think right, one muſt

act, one muſt think differently with the many: to go by the authority and example of the generality of men, is the lot of fools.

HERACLITUS.

All that is true: but you love nothing, and the misfortune of others makes you merry; which is to love neither men, nor the virtue they forſake.

HERODOTUS AND LUCIAN.

DIALOGUE XIV.

An over-credulity is an excess to be avoided: but that of incredulity is of far more fatal tendency.

HERODOTUS.

HAH! good-morrow, my friend: thou art no longer in a laughing humour, thou who hast made so many famous men converse together in their passing of Charon's ferry; so thou art even come down to the Stygian banks in thy turn. thou hadst reason to play upon tyrants, flatterers, miscreants, but not upon me?

LUCIAN.

When did I ever play upon thee? thou seekest a quarrel.

HERODOTUS.

In thy true history, and elsewhere, thou takest my relations for fables.

LUCIAN.

And was I, pray, to blame? how many things didst thou advance upon the authority of priests and other people, who deal always in mystery and the marvellous?

HERODOTUS.

Impious wretch, thou didſt not believe religion.

LUCIAN.

There would have needed a purer and more ſerious religion than that of Jupiter and Venus, of Mars, Apollo, and the other deities, to perſuade perſons of good ſenſe: and the more ſhame for thee to have believed it.

HERODOTUS.

But thou didſt no leſs deſpiſe philoſophy. nothing was ſacred to thee.

LUCIAN.

I deſpiſed the gods, becauſe the poets painted them out to us as the moſt ſcandalous people in the world. as for the philoſophers, they pretended to eſteem nothing but virtue, and at the ſame time were full of vices; had they been truly philoſophers, I would have honoured them.

HERODOTUS.

But how didſt thou treat even Socrates himſelf? was it his fault or thine? tell me.

LUCIAN.

'Tis true I drolled a little upon the things he was accuſed of: but I never condemned him ſeriouſly.

HERODOTUS.

Should any one make ſport at the expence of ſo great a man, and that upon groſs calumnies. but ſay the truth, thy ſole aim was to laugh, to jeer, at every thing, to ſhew ſomewhat ridiculous in every particu-

lar, without troubling thy head to eſtabliſh any thing ſolidly.

LUCIAN.

How! did I not laſh the vices? did not I fulminate againſt the great that abuſe their greatneſs? did not I extol to the skies the contempt of riches and of pleaſures?

HERODOTUS.

'Tis true, thou didſt ſpeak well of virtue; but to cenſure the vices of all mankind was rather a ſtrain of ſatyr, than a ſentiment of ſolid philoſophy. thou didſt even praiſe virtue, but without caring to trace it back to the principles of religion and philoſophy, which are its true foundations.

LUCIAN.

Thou reaſoneſt better here below than thou didſt in thy great travels. but come let us be friends. I was not credulous enough, and thou wert too much ſo.

HERODOTUS.

Ah! thou art ſtill the old man, turning every thing into pleaſantry. were it not full time that thy ſhade had a little gravity?

LUCIAN.

Gravity! I am ſick of it, I have ſeen ſo much of it. I was environed with a parcel of philoſophers who piqued themſelves upon it, without either truth, juſtice, friendſhip, moderation or modeſty.

HERODOTUS.

Thou talkeſt of the philoſophers of thy time, who had degenerated, but—

LUCIAN.

But what? wouldſt thou have me to have ſeen thoſe who were dead ſeveral ages before I was born? I had no remembrance of having been at the ſiege of Troy, like Pythagoras. every body cannot have been Euphorbus.

HERODOTUS.

The other jeer! and ſuch are thy replies to the moſt ſolid arguments. I wiſh, for thy puniſhment, that the gods, in whom thou wouldſt not believe, may ſend thee into the body of ſome traveler, who ſhall make a tour through all the countries, of which I have related things thou treateſt as fabulous.

LUCIAN.

After that, I ſhould want no more but to paſs from body to body through all the different ſects of philoſophers which I have decried; and ſo I ſhould be one after another of all the contrary opinions which I have derided. that would be mighty pretty: but thou haſt ſaid things very near as credible.

HERODOTUS.

Away: I give thee up, and comfort myſelf with the thoughts that I am in company with Homer, Socrates, and Pythagoras, whom thou haſt no more ſpared than myſelf; and with Plato too, from whom thou learnedſt the art of dialogue, although thou madeſt a mock of his philoſophy.

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES.

DIALOGUE XV.

The greateſt natural qualities prove oftentimes but a reproach, if they are not ſupported by a conſtant love of virtue.

SOCRATES.

SO! thou art ſtill the ſame agreeable perſon! whom ſhalt thou find to charm in theſe infernal regions?

ALCIBIADES.

And thou art ſtill the ſame cenſor of mankind! whom ſhalt thou find to perſuade here, thou who wilt ever be perſuading of ſomebody?

SOCRATES.

I have been diſcouraged from attempting to perſuade men, ſince I found how ill my diſcourſes ſucceeded in perſuading thee to virtue.

ALCIBIADES.

Wouldſt thou have had me live poor and mean like thee, without meddling with public affairs?

SOCRATES.

Whether was it better not to meddle with them, or to embroil them, and become the enemy of one's country?

ALCIBIADES.

I like my character better than thine. I was beautiful, magnificent, full of glory, and living in the heart of delights, became the terror of the Lacedemonians and Perſians. the Athenians could not ſave their city, but by recalling me: and had they taken my advice, Lyſander had never entered their harbour. as for thee, thou wert but a poor, homely, flat-noſed, bald creature, who ſpenteſt thy whole life in deſcanting, and finding fault with men in every thing they do. Ariſtophanes play'd thee off upon the ſtage; thou wert accounted a profane perſon, and ſo wert put to death.

SOCRATES.

Thou huddleſt a great many things together: let us examine them a little ſeparately. thou waſt beautiful, but infamous for the ſhameful uſes thou madeſt of thy beauty: ſenſual delights corrupted thy fine diſpoſition. thou haſt rendered great ſervices to thy country; but thou haſt alſo done it great miſchiefs: in both the good and bad offices thou didſt it, it was a vain ambition that actuated thee, and conſequently no true glory can accrue to thee from them. the enemies of Greece, to whom thou hadſt devoted thyſelf, could not truſt thee, nor thou them. had it not been more glorious to have lived poor in thy native country, and there to have ſuffered patiently whatever wicked men uſually do to oppreſs virtue. it was

better to be homely and wise like me, than handſome and diſſolute as thou waſt. the only thing I can be reproached with, is, my having loved thee too much, and ſuffered myſelf to be blinded by ſo fickle a temper as thine. thy vices diſhonoured the philoſophical education Socrates had beſtowed upon thee. there lay my fault.

ALCIBIADES.

But thy death ſhews thou wert a profane perſon.

SOCRATES.

The profane are ſuch as broke down the Mercuries. I had rather have ſwallowed poiſon for teaching the truth, and provoked men, who are not able to bear it, than met death, like thee, in the arms of a courtizan.

ALCIBIADES.

Thy raillery was ever keen.

SOCRATES.

Who could ſuffer a man that was fit for doing ſo many good things, and did ſo many bad ones? thou comeſt again to inſult virtue.

ALCIBIADES.

How now! the ghoſt of Socrates and virtue, it ſeems, are the ſame thing? thou doſt not want preſumption——

SOCRATES.

Count Socrates as nothing, if thou wilt; I give thee free leave. but after beguiling my hopes of the

virtue I endeavoured to inſtill into thee, come not alſo to make a mock of philoſophy, and to boaſt all thy actions to me: they had ſome luſtre, but no rule. thou haſt no manner of reaſon to laugh; death has made thee as homely and flat-noſed as myſelf; what remains to thee now of thy pleaſures?

ALCIBIADES.

Ah! nothing but the ſhame and remorſe. but whither art thou going? wherefore wilt thou leave me?

SOCRATES.

Farewel. as I did not follow thee in thy ambitious expeditions into Sicily, Sparta or Aſia, thou haſt no title to follow me into the Elyſian fields, whither I go to lead a peaceful and happy life with Solon, Lycurgus, and the other ſages.

ALCIBIADES.

Ah! my dear Socrates, muſt I be parted from thee? alas! whither ſhall I go then?

SOCRATES.

Along with thoſe weak and vain ſouls, whoſe life has been a perpetual medley of good and evil, and who have never loved pure virtue for any continuance. thou waſt born to follow virtue; thou haſt preferred thy paſſions: now ſhe forſakes thee in her turn, and thou ſhalt regret her eternally.

ALCIBIADES.

Alas! my dear Socrates, thou that didſt ſo love me, wilt thou never more take any pity on me? thou

canſt not diſown, for thou knoweſt it better than another, that my diſpoſition was good at bottom.

SOCRATES.

That is what renders thee more inexcuſable: nature was very kind to thee, and thou haſt abuſed her kindneſs. my love for thee, like thy fine diſpoſition, has ſerved but to increaſe thy condemnation; I loved thee for thy virtue; but at length I loved thee to the hazarding of my own reputation. I ſuffered for thy ſake the being unjuſtly ſuſpected of monſtrous vices which I condemned in the whole of my doctrine: to thee I ſacrificed my life as well as my honour. haſt thou forgot the expedition of Potidea, in which I quartered always with thee? a father cannot ſtick cloſer to his ſon than I did to thee: in all rencounters I was ever by thy ſide. one day the fight proving doubtful, thou waſt wounded; inſtantly I ruſhed in before thee, to cover thee with my body as with a buckler: I ſaved thy life, thy liberty, thy arms: the crown was due to me for that action; but I deſired the chiefs to give it thee. I had a paſſion for nothing but thy glory. I ſhould never have believed thou couldſt have become the ſhame of thy country, and the ſource of all its misfortunes.

ALCIBIADES.

I ſuppoſe, my dear Socrates, thou haſt not forgot too that other occaſion, when our troops having been defeated, thou wert retreating on foot with no

ſmall difficulty, and I chancing to come up on horſe-back, ſtopped and beat back thy foes that were about to overwhelm thee. ſo let us balance accounts.

SOCRATES.

With all my heart. but if I call to mind what I have done for thee, it is by no means to upbraid thee with it, or to extol myſelf; 'tis only to ſhew what care I took to make thee good, and how ill thou haſt anſwered all my pains.

ALCIBIADES.

Thou haſt nothing to ſay againſt my earlier years. as I liſtened to thy inſtructions, I would often melt into tears. if I ſometimes eloped from thee, when drawn away by company, thou didſt hunt after me, as a maſter after his run-away ſlave; never did I dare to reſiſt thee; I gave ear to none but thee; I feared nothing but thy diſpleaſure.

'Tis true, I laid a wager one day to give Hipponicus a box on the ear: I accordingly gave it him; and then went to beg his pardon, and ſtrip myſelf before him that he might puniſh me with rods: but he forgave me, finding I had offended him only through the levity of my ſprightly and gameſome diſpoſition.

SOCRATES.

Then thou hadſt committed but the fault of a young fool: but afterwards thou didſt perpetrate the crimes of a villain, who diſregards the Gods, who makes a mock of virtue and honour, who lays

his country in aſhes to gratify his ambition, who carries diſſolute manners into all foreign nations. away, thou moveſt at once my horror and pity. thou waſt framed for being good, and haſt choſen to be wicked: for which I am inconſolable. we muſt part. the three judges will decide thy fate: but there can be no more union between us here below.

SOCRATES

AND

ALCIBIADES.

DIALOGUE XVI.

Good government is that wherein the citizens are trained up in a reverence of the laws, and love of their country, and of mankind, which is the great country.

SOCRATES.

WELL, you are become wondrous wiſe at your own expence, as well as at the expence of all thoſe whom you have deceived. you might have been the worthy hero of a ſecond Odyſſey; for you have ſeen the manners of more nations in your travels, than did ever Ulyſſes in his.

ALCIBIADES.

It is not experience I want, but wiſdom; and tho' you rally me, you cannot deny but a man learns abundance of things when he travels, and ſtudies ſeriouſly the manners of ſo many nations.

SOCRATES.

It is true that ſuch a ſtudy, were it rightly performed, might greatly improve the mind: but it would require a true philoſopher, a perſon of ſedateneſs and application, not ſway'd by ambition and pleaſure as you were; one free from paſſion and pre-

judice, who ſhould inveſtigate what were good in every people, and diſcover wherein the laws of each country have been profitable or pernicious to it. upon returning from his travels, ſuch a philoſopher would prove an excellent lawgiver. but you never were a man to give laws; your talent lay wholly in breaking them: ſcarce were you got out of the ſhell, when you adviſed your uncle Pericles, to commence a war, in order to avoid giving account of the public money; nay, I believe that even after your death, you would be but a dangerous keeper of the laws.

ALCIBIADES.

Let me alone, I beſeech you: the river of oblivion ought to drown all my faults. let us talk of the manners of nations: wherever I went, I found only cuſtoms, and but very few laws. all the barbarians have no other rule than the uſe and example of their fathers. the Perſians themſelves, whoſe manners in the time of Cyrus have been ſo much boaſted, retain not the leaſt trace of true virtue: their bravery and magnificence ſpeak a pretty good natural diſpoſition; but it is corrupted by effeminacy and the groſſeſt pride. their kings, worſhipped like idols, can never be honeſt men, nor come to the knowledge of the truth; humanity cannot bear with moderation ſo inordinate a power as theirs: they imagine every thing made for them; and ſo ſport with the property, the honour, and the life of all other men. nothing betrays more barbarouſneſs than ſuch a form of go-

vernment; for there are no longer any laws, and the will of one man, whoſe every paſſion is flattered, is the only law.

SOCRATES.

That country could not be very agreeable to ſo free and bold a ſpirit as yours: but do not you think the liberty of Athens in another extreme?

ALCIBIADES.

The Spartan conſtitution is the beſt I have ſeen.

SOCRATES.

Does not the ſervitude of the Helotes appear contrary to humanity? go back boldly to true principles. diveſt yourſelf of all prejudice; and confeſs, that in this particular, the Greeks are themſelves ſomewhat barbarous. is it lawful for one part of men to treat another like beaſts of burden?

ALCIBIADES.

Why not, if they be a ſubdued people?

SOCRATES.

A ſubdued people is ſtill a people; the right of conqueſt is a right leſs valid than that of humanity. what is called conqueſt becomes the height of tyranny, and the execration of mankind, unleſs the conqueror has made his conqueſt by a juſt war, and rendered the conquered people happy, by giving them good laws. it is therefore unlawful for the Lacedemonians ſo inhumanly to treat the Helotes, who are men as well as themſelves. what horrid barbarity, for one people to make nothing of the life and quiet

of another! as the head of a family ought never to be ſo fond of aggrandizing his houſe, as to diſturb the public peace and tranquillity of the whole people, whereof he and his family are but a member; ſo it is a mad, brutal, and pernicious conduct for the head of a nation to place his glory in augmenting the power of his people, by diſturbing the quiet and liberty of the neighbouring nations. a people is no leſs a member of mankind, which is the general ſociety, than a family is a member of a particular nation. every one owes incomparably more to mankind, which is his great country, than to the particular country where he chances to be born: it is therefore infinitely more pernicious to violate juſtice between people and people, than to violate it between family and family to the detriment of one's commonwealth. to renounce a ſenſe of humanity, is not only to want politeneſs, and to fall into barbarouſneſs; but it is the moſt unnatural blindneſs of highway-men and ſavages: it is to be no longer a man, but a Cannibal.

ALCIBIADES.

You grow angry! methinks you were better humoured in the world: your keen ironies uſed to have ſomewhat pleaſanter in them.

SOCRATES.

I cannot be pleaſant upon ſo ſerious ſubjects. the Lacedemonians have abandoned all the peaceful arts, in order to keep and cultivate only that of war; and as war is the greateſt of evils, they know only how

to do evil, they value themſelves upon it; they diſdain every thing that is not the deſtruction of mankind, and that cannot conduce to the brutal glory of an handful of men called Spartans. others muſt till the ground for their nouriſhment, whileſt they reſerve themſelves to ravage the lands of their neighbours. they are not ſober and ſevere upon themſelves, in order to be juſt and moderate towards others. on the contrary, they are hard-hearted and fierce againſt whatever is not their native country, as if human nature were not more their native country than Sparta. war is an evil that diſhonours mankind: could all hiſtories be buried in eternal oblivion, it ought to be concealed from poſterity, that men have been capable of killing men. all wars are civil ones; for it is ſtill man ſpilling his own blood, tearing out his own bowels: the more war is extenſive, the more is it fatal; therefore that of nations which compoſe mankind, is yet worſe than that of families which diſturb a people. it is not lawful then to make war, but when it cannot be avoided, and at the laſt extremity, in order to repel the violence of the enemy. How did not Lycurgus dread to form a people idle and unfit for all the gentle and innocent occupations of peace, and to have given no other exerciſe to their faculties than that of hurting humanity by war?

ALCIBIADES.

Your choler warms with reaſon: but would you

rather those a people like that of Athens, which refines to the laſt exceſs upon the arts devoted to pleaſure? one had ſtill better bear with fierce tempers like thoſe of Lacedemon.

SOCRATES.

How wonderfully are you changed! you are no more that ſcandalous perſon. the Stygian banks make fine alterations; but perhaps you ſpeak thus out of complaiſance; for you were all your lifetime a Proteus in behaviour: but be that as it will, I confeſs that a people, who by the contagion of their manners carry luxury, effeminacy, injuſtice and fraud into other nations, do ſtill worſe than one which has no other occupation, no other merit than that of ſhedding blood; for virtue is more precious to men than life. Lycurgus is therefore commendable for having baniſhed out of his commonwealth, all the arts that are ſubſervient only to pride and pleaſure: but he is inexcuſable for having taken away agriculture, and the other arts neceſſary to a ſimple and frugal life. is it not ſhameful that a people ſhould not be ſufficient for itſelf, and ſhould want another people given to agriculture to provide it ſuſtenance.

ALCIBIADES.

Well, I ſtand condemned upon that head: but do not you love the ſtrict diſcipline of Sparta, and the inviolable ſubordination which there ſubjects the youth to the aged, better than the unbridled wiſdom of Athens?

SOCRATES.

A people ſpoiled by an exceſſive liberty, is the moſt inſupportable of all tyrants; ſo the populace riſen againſt the laws proves the moſt inſolent of all maſters. but there ſhould be a medium. now this medium is, that a people have written laws ever ſtanding and conſecrated by the whole nation; that they be above every thing; that thoſe who govern derive their authority ſolely from them; that they have all power to do good, and according to the laws; and that they have no power againſt thoſe laws to authorize evil: this is what men, were they not blind and enemies to themſelves, would unanimouſly eſtabliſh for their common felicity. but ſome, like the Athenians, overturn the laws, for fear of giving too much authority to the magiſtrates, by whom the laws ought to reign; and others, like the Perſians, out of a ſuperſtitious veneration for the laws, become ſuch abject ſlaves to thoſe, who ought to make the laws reign; that theſe men reign themſelves; nor is there any other real law than their abſolute will and pleaſure. thus both ſhoot wide of the mark, which is a liberty, moderated by the ſole authority of the laws, whereof thoſe who govern ought to be but the bare defenders. he who governs ſhould be the moſt obedient to the law: this perſon, diſtinct from the law, is nothing; and is ſacred only ſo far as he is himſelf, without intereſt and without paſſion, the living law given for the good of men. by this you may

judge how far the Grecians, who ſo greatly deſpiſe the barbarians, are ſtill in barbarity themſelves. the Peloponneſian war, in which the ambitious jealouſy of two republics made a general combuſtion for eight and twenty years, is a fatal proof of it. did not you yourſelf, who are here ſpeaking, flatter ſometimes the gloomy and implacable ambition of the Lacedemonians; ſometimes the vainer and more ſprightly ambition of the Athenians? Athens, with leſs power, made greater efforts, and triumphed a long time over all Greece; but at laſt ſhe fell all at once, the deſpotiſm of the people being a mad and blind power, which rages againſt itſelf, which is abſolute and above the laws, only to complete its own deſtruction.

ALCIBIADES.

I find Avitus was not in the wrong to order you a doſe of hemlock; and that your politics were yet more to be feared than your new religion.

SOCRATES, ALCIBIADES, AND TIMON.

DIALOGUE XVII.

The juſt mean between miſanthropy and the corrupt character of Alcibiades.

ALCIBIADES.

I AM ſurpriſed, my dear Socrates, to ſee you have ſuch a liking for that man-hater, who is a very bug-bear to little children.

SOCRATES.

You ſhould be much more ſurpriſed at his growing familiar with me.

TIMON.

I am accuſed of hating men, and indeed I do not deny it. let any one but behold what make they are of, and then judge if I be in the wrong. to hate mankind is to hate an evil beaſt, a multitude of fools, knaves, flatterers, traitors, and ungrateful monſters.

ALCIBIADES.

A fine catalogue of names truly! but what better is it to be fierce, diſdainful, unſociable, and ever ſnarl-

ing? for my part, I find that fools make me merry, and men of ſenſe give me ſatisfaction. I deſire to pleaſe them in my turn, and can reliſh any thing in order to be agreeable in ſociety.

TIMON.

I again reliſh nothing; every thing diſpleaſes me, every thing is falſe, prepoſterous and inſupportable: every thing provokes me, and raiſes my averſion. you are a Proteus, who aſſume indifferently all, even the moſt oppoſite forms, becauſe you keep to none. theſe metamorphoſes, which coſt you nothing, ſpeak a heart void of principles either of juſtice or truth. virtue, with you, is but a ſpecious name, nor is there any fixed. what you approve at Athens you condemn at Lacedemon. in Greece you are a Greek, in Aſia a Perſian: nor gods, nor laws, nor country can reſtrain you. you follow but one rule, which is the paſſion of pleaſing, of dazzling, of domineering, of living amidſt delights, and of embroiling ſtates. O heavens! that ſuch a man ſhould be ſuffered upon earth, and other men not be aſhamed of admiring him! Alcibiades is beloved of men, Alcibiades who makes ſport of them, and by his crimes involves them in ſo many miſchiefs. for my part, I hate Alcibiades, and all the fools that love him, and ſhould be very ſorry to be loved by them, ſince they can love nothing but evil.

ALCIBIADES.

A very obliging declaration! however I do not

in the leaſt take it ill. you place me at the head of all mankind, and ſo do me a great deal of honour. my ſide is rather ſtronger than yours; but you have a good heart, and do not fear to ſtand ſingle againſt us all.

TIMON.

I ſhould abhor not to ſtand ſingle, when I ſee the baſeneſs, the cowardice, the levity, the corruption and pollution of all the men that cumber the face of the earth.

ALCIBIADES.

Do you except none?

TIMON.

No, not one indeed, and you leſs than another.

ALCIBIADES.

What! not yourſelf? do you hate yourſelf too?

TIMON.

Yes; I hate myſelf frequently, when I catch myſelf in any weakneſs.

ALCIBIADES.

You do mighty well, and are only to blame, that you do not do ſo always. what is there more hateful than a man that has forgot that he is a man; who hates his own nature, who beholds nothing but with abhorrence, and with a ſavage melancholy, which turns every thing into poiſon, and renounces all manner of ſociety, tho' man be born only to be ſociable?

TIMON.

Give me men ſimple and upright, full of juſtice, and every way good, I'll love them, I'll never leave them, I'll worſhip them like gods upon earth. but ſo long as you ſhall give me men that are not men; foxes in cunning, and tygers in cruelty; who ſhall have the face, the body, the voice human with a monſter's heart, like the Syrens; humanity itſelf will make me deteſt and fly them.

ALCIBIADES.

We muſt then make you men on purpoſe. Is it not better to accommodate one's ſelf to men ſuch as one finds them, than to reſolve to hate them till they accommodate themſelves to us? with ſo critical a moroſeneſs, one paſſes life diſmally, deſpiſed, derided, deſerted, and taſtes not any pleaſure. for my part, I go entirely by the cuſtoms and fancies of each people; I every where make merry, and do any thing with men I have a mind: the philoſophy which tends only to make a philoſopher an owl, is very unfit for practice; one would need in this world a philoſophy more condeſcending and ſociable. honeſt men are to be gained by virtuous motives; the voluptuous by their pleaſures, and knaves by their intereſt. this is the only true notion of life; every thing elſe is viſion and melancholy, which ſhould be purged off with a little hellebore.

TIMON.

To talk thus is to annihilate virtue, and to turn

good morals into ridicule: ſo contagious a fellow would not be ſuffered in any well-ordered commonwealth: but alas! where is that commonwealth here below? O my dear Socrates! when ſhall we ſee yours? to-morrow, yea, to-morrow would I retire to it, were it once commenced: but I could wiſh we went far from all known climes, and founded that happy colony of pure philoſophers in the Atlantic iſland.

ALCIBIADES.

Oh! you do not conſider that you would carry yourſelf thither. you ſhould firſt be reconciled with yourſelf, with whom you ſay you are ſo often at variance.

TIMON.

Laugh at it as you will, nothing is more ſerious. yes, I maintain that I hate myſelf frequently, and that I have reaſon to do ſo. when I find myſelf ſoftened by pleaſures, ſo far as to bear men's vices, and even on the point of complying with them; when I perceive reviving within me ſelf-intereſt, voluptuouſneſs, a tenderneſs for a vain reputation amongſt fools and miſcreants; then do I fancy myſelf almoſt like them, I commence a proceſs againſt myſelf, I abhor myſelf, and cannot bear myſelf.

ALCIBIADES.

And who afterwards makes your agreement? do you make it up privately with yourſelf without any arbiter?

TIMON.

Why, after having condemned myſelf, I reform and reclaim myſelf.

ALCIBIADES.

There muſt be a good many people in yourſelf. one corrupted man drawn away by bad example; a ſecond, who reprimands the former; and a third, who makes them friends again, by reclaiming him who was debauched.

TIMON.

Play the buffoon as much as you pleaſe: with you the company is not ſo numerous; for there is in your heart but one man, ever ſupple and depraved, who diſguiſes himſelf in an hundred different ſhapes, in order to be always equally capable of doing miſchief.

ALCIBIADES.

So there is none upon earth good but yourſelf: nor are you ſo but in certain intervals?

TIMON.

No, I know nothing good or worthy to be loved.

ALCIBIADES.

If you know nothing good, nothing that does not ſhock you, either in others or yourſelf; if life be entirely diſpleaſing to you, you ought to get rid of it as ſoon as poſſible, and take leave of ſo bad company. why ſhould you live to be chagrin'd at every thing, and to find fault with every thing from morning till

night? do you not know that Athens wants neither running cords nor precipices?

TIMON.

I ſhould be tempted to do what you hint, did I not fear to do a pleaſure to ſo many men, who are unworthy to have any done them.

ALCIBIADES.

But ſhould you have no regret to leave any body? think well before you ſpeak.

TIMON.

I ſhould have ſome ſmall regret to leave Socrates; but——

ALCIBIADES,

Hah! do you not know that he is a man?

TIMON.

No, I am not well aſſured of it; nay, I ſometimes doubt of it; for he bears but little reſemblance to the reſt. he appears to me void of artifice, void of intereſt, void of ambition: I find him juſt, ſincere, equal, were there in the world ten men like him, I verily believe he would reconcile me with humanity.

ALCIBIADES.

Well then, be adviſed by him: ask him whether reaſon allows being a man-hater to the degree you are.

TIMON.

I will; and tho' he hath always been too eaſy and too ſociable, I do not fear to engage to follow his ad-

vice. O my dear Socrates! when I behold men, and then caſt my eyes upon you, I am tempted to believe that you are Minerva come down in the ſhape of a man to inſtruct her city. ſpeak, but from your heart, would you adviſe me to re-enter into the poiſoned ſociety of wicked, blind, and deceitful men?

SOCRATES.

No: I never ſhall adviſe you to re-engage yourſelf in aſſemblies of the people, or in banquets full of licentiouſneſs, or in any ſociety with a great number of citizens; for the many are always corrupt. an honeſt and calm retreat, ſheltered from men's paſſions, and from one's own, is the only ſituation befitting a true philoſopher: but we are to love men, and to do them good, notwithſtanding their failings: we are to expect from them nothing but ingratitude, and to ſerve them without intereſt. to live amongſt them in order to deceive them, to dazzle them, and to procure from them wherewithal to gratify one's paſſions, is to be the moſt wicked of men, and to pave the way for misfortunes deſerved. but to keep aloof, and yet near enough to inſtruct and ſerve certain men, is to be a beneficent deity upon earth. the ambition of Alcibiades is pernicious: but your miſanthropy is a weak virtue mixed with a moroſeneſs of temper. your crabbed and impatient virtue cannot ſufficiently bear with the vice of others; 'tis a love of ourſelves that makes us grow impatient, when we cannot reform

others to the degree we could wiſh. philanthropy is a virtue kind, patient, and diſintereſted; which bears evil without approving it: it waits for men; in nothing indulging its own taſte, or its own convenience: it learns, from the conſciouſneſs of its own weakneſs, to bear with that of others: it is never diſappointed by the moſt deceitful and moſt ungrateful men; for it neither hopes nor wiſhes any thing from them for its own intereſt. it asks nothing of them but for their real good: it never tires in this diſintereſted goodneſs: it imitates the Gods, who have given men life, without ſtanding in need of their incenſe or victims.

TIMON.

But I do not hate men out of inhumanity; I hate them only becauſe I cannot help it, becauſe they are hate-worthy: 'tis their depravation I hate, and their perſons, becauſe they are depraved.

SOCRATES.

Well, I ſuppoſe ſo: but if you hate only the evil in man, why do you not love man, in order to deliver him from that evil, and to make him good? a phyſician hates the fever, and all the other diſeaſes that torment the bodies of men; but he does by no means hate the diſeaſed. vices are diſeaſes of the ſoul; be then a wiſe and charitable phyſician, who, far from hating his patient, ſtudies to cure him out of love to him. the world is a great hoſpital of all mankind,

which ought to excite your compaſſion: avarice, ambition, envy and anger, are greater and more dangerous ſores in minds, than abſceſſes and ulcers are in bodies. cure all the patients you can cure, and pity all thoſe that ſhall prove incurable.

TIMON.

O my dear Socrates, that is a ſophiſm eaſy to be diſtinguiſhed. there is a vaſt difference between the vices of the ſoul and the diſeaſes of the body: diſeaſes are evils ſuffered, and not done: we are not culpable, we are to be pitied for them. but as for vices, they are voluntary, they render the will culpable: they are not evils ſuffered, they are evils done: theſe evils deſerve indignation and chaſtiſement, and not pity.

SOCRATES.

It is true there are two ſorts of diſeaſes of men: the one involuntary and innocent, the other voluntary, and which render the patient culpable. but as evil will is the greateſt of evils, vice is the moſt deplorable of all diſeaſes. the wicked man, who makes others ſuffer, ſuffers himſelf from his wickedneſs, and draws upon his head the puniſhments which the juſt Gods owe him: he is therefore more to be pitied than an innocent patient. innocence is a precious health of the ſoul; it is a refuge and conſolation in the moſt dreadful pains. what! ſhall you ceaſe to pity a man, becauſe he labours under the moſt fatal diſtemper,

which is evil will? were his diſeaſe but in the foot, or in the hand, you would pity him; and you do not pity him when it has gangrened the bottom of his heart.

TIMON.

Well, I grant that we ſhould pity the wicked, but not love them.

SOCRATES.

We ſhould not love them for their wickedneſs; but we ſhould love them in order to cure them of it. you therefore love man without thinking you do; for compaſſion is a love which grieves at the harm of the perſon beloved. do you know what hinders you from loving the wicked? it is not your virtue, but the imperfection of the virtue that is in you. imperfect virtue ſinks under the load of the imperfections of others. we alſo love ourſelves too much, to be always able to bear what is contrary to our taſte and maxims. ſelf-love will no more be contradicted by vice than by virtue. we are provoked at the ungrateful, becauſe we deſire gratitude from a principle of ſelf-love. perfect virtue detaches a man from himſelf, and makes him unwearied in bearing the weakneſs of others. the farther we are from vice, the more patient and calm are we in our application to cure it. imperfect virtue is ſuſpicious, cenſorious, crabbed, ſevere and implacable. virtue which has come the length of aiming at nothing but good, is

ever equal, kind, affable, compaſſionate: it is neither ſurprized, nor ſhocked at any thing; it entirely denies itſelf, and thinks of nothing but doing good.

TIMON.

All that is eaſy ſaid, but not ſo eaſy done.

SOCRATES.

O my dear Timon, groſs and blind men fancy that you are a man-hater, becauſe you have carried virtue too far; I again maintain to you, that if you were more virtuous, you would do as I tell you: you would ſuffer yourſelf to be carried away, neither by your ſavage humour, nor by your melancholy of temper, nor yet by your diſguſts, nor by the impatience men's failings occaſion you. 'tis through loving yourſelf too much, that you can no longer love other imperfect men. if you were perfect, you would, like the Gods, eaſily forgive men for being imperfect. why not ſuffer meekly what the Gods, who are ſo much better than you, ſuffer. that delicacy which makes you ſo eaſily offended, is a real imperfection. reaſon, that can put up with none but reaſonable things, tho' it fire only againſt what is falſe, is but a ſort of half reaſon. perfect reaſon goes farther: it peaceably bears the unreaſonableneſs of others: ſuch is the principle of compaſſionate and ſelf-denied virtue, which is the true bond of ſociety.

ALCIBIADES.

Indeed, Timon, you are finely confuted with your

ſurly, cenſorious virtue: 'tis to love one's ſelf too much, to chuſe to live all alone ſolely for one's ſelf, and not to be able to ſuffer the leaſt thing that claſhes with one's own ſentiments. when a perſon does not love himſelf ſo much, he freely gives up himſelf to others.

SOCRATES.

Hold, if you pleaſe, Alcibiades, you might eaſily miſapply what I have been ſaying. there are two ways of giving up one's ſelf to men: the firſt is, to get one's ſelf beloved, not in order to be their idol, but to employ their confidence towards making them good. this philanthropy is all divine: there is another, which is a counterfeit coin; when we give up ourſelves to men, in order to pleaſe them, to dazzle them, to uſurp authority over them by flattering them; it is not them we love, but ourſelves; we then act only through vanity and intereſt; we feign to give up ourſelves to others, in order to poſſeſs them. ſuch a falſe man-lover, is like an angler who throws a baited hook; he appears to feed the fiſhes, but catches them, and puts them to death. all tyrants, magiſtrates, and politicians, who have ambition, appear beneficent and generous; they ſeem to give up themſelves, and at the ſame time want to catch the people: they throw the hook in entertainments, in private parties, in public aſſemblies. they are not ſociable for the intereſt of men, but in order to enſnare mankind. they have a flat-

tering, inſinuating, artful wit, to corrupt the manners, like curtezans, and to bring into ſervitude all they have occaſion for. the beſt things when corrupted become the worſt. ſuch men are the bane of mankind. the ſelf-love of a man-hater is but ſavage, and uſeleſs to the world; but that of thoſe falſe man-lovers is treacherous and tyrannical. they promiſe all the ſocial virtues, and make of ſociety but a trade, in which they want to draw every thing to themſelves, and to enſlave all the citizens. the man-hater cauſes more fear and leſs miſchief. a ſerpent which ſlides amongſt the flowers is more to be feared than a wild beaſt that flies towards his hole the moment he perceives you.

ALCIBIADES.

Timon, let us retire; we have had enough of it, and have each of us got a good leſſon; let him profit by it that can; but I fancy we ſhall profit little by it. you will ſtill be furious againſt all mankind, and I ſhall go again and play Proteus between the Greeks and the king of Perſia.

ALCIBIADES AND PERICLES.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Without virtue, the greateſt talents go for nothing after death.

PERICLES.

MY dear nephew, I am glad to ſee thee again. I had ever an affection for thee.

ALCIBIADES.

That thou didſt ſufficiently ſhew from my very infancy: but I never ſtood ſo much in need of thy aſſiſtance as at preſent. Socrates, whom I met with juſt now, has made me apprehend ſomewhat from the three Judges, before whom I am about to appear.

PERICLES.

Alas! my dear nephew, we are now no longer at Athens: thoſe three inexorable old fellows pay no regard to eloquence: I myſelf have felt their rigour; and I foreſee that thou wilt not be exempted from it.

ALCIBIADES.

What, is there no way of gaining thoſe ſame three perſonages? are they inſenſible to flattery, to pity, to the graces of oratory, to poetry, to muſic, to ſubtile arguments, to the recital of great actions.

PERICLES.

Thou well knoweſt, that if eloquence had here any power; without vanity, my chance ſhould have been as good as another's: but nothing is to be gained here, by ſpeaking. thoſe flattering touches that raviſhed the people of Athens; thoſe convincing turns, thoſe inſinuating ways that lay hold of men by their advantages and paſſions, are of no manner of uſe here. the ears are ſtopt, and the hearts of iron. I who died in that woful war of the Peloponneſe, am nevertheleſs puniſhed for it. I might well have been forgiven a fault which coſt me my life, and indeed it was thou that madeſt me commit it.

ALCIBIADES.

It is true, I adviſed thee to commence a war rather than give an account: but is not that the way of the world? when a man governs a ſtate, he looks at home, and conſults his own conveniency, his own reputation, his own intereſt, in the firſt place, let the public go as it may: elſe who would be the fool to give himſelf the trouble of governing, of watching night and day in order to make others ſleep ſoundly? do your Judges here count this amiſs?

PERICLES.

Ay, ſo much amiſs, that after dying of the plague in that curſed war, wherein I loſt the confidence of the people, I have here ſuffered great torments for diſturbing the peace unſeaſonably. by this thou mayſt

judge, my poor nephew, whether thou ſhalt come off any eaſier.

ALCIBIADES.

Ill news indeed. the living, when much vexed at any thing, are apt to ſay, I wiſh I were dead: I, on the contrary, can heartily ſay, I wiſh I were alive and well again!

PERICLES.

Oh! thou no longer ſtalkeſt in that gay, trailing purple robe, wherewith thou didſt charm all the women of Athens and Sparta. thou wilt be puniſhed, not only for what thou haſt done thyſelf, but alſo for what thou adviſedſt me to do.

ALCIBIADES, MERCURY, AND CHARON.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Character of a fine diſpoſition corrupted by ambition and the love of pleaſure.

CHARON.

WHAT man bringſt thou there? he looks wondrous big: what has he got more than another to be ſo very proud of?

MERCURY.

He was beautiful, well-made, valiant, eloquent, fit to charm all the world. never was man ſo ſupple. Proteus-like, he would aſſume all manner of forms. at Athens, he was delicate, learned, and polite; at Sparta, rough, auſtere, and laborious; in Aſia, effeminate, ſoft, and magnificent like the Perſians. in Thrace he was ever on horſeback, and drank like Silenus: and thus hath he embroiled and overturned every thing in all the countries he has paſſed through.

CHARON.

But will he not alſo overturn my boat, which is old, thou knoweſt, and leaky? what hadſt thou to do

with ſuch a bargain? thou hadſt better left him among the living; he would have occaſioned wars, ſlaughters, deſolations, which would have ſent us abundance of ghoſts; as for his own, it frightens me: what is his name?

MERCURY.

Alcibiades. didſt thou never hear of him?

CHARON.

Alcibiades! every ghoſt that comes deafens me with him: he has given me a good deal of trouble with all thoſe he has been the death of in ſo many wars. is it not he, who having fled to Sparta after the impieties he had committed at Athens, debauched the wife of king Agis?

MERCURY.

The very ſame.

CHARON.

I am afraid he will do the like with Proſerpine. for he is handſomer and more engaging than our king Pluto. but Pluto is not to be jeſted with.

MERCURY.

I deliver him up to thee ſuch as he is: if he make as great an uproar in the infernal regions as he has done all his life upon earth, this will no more be the kingdom of ſilence. but queſtion him a little how he will behave. Hark ye, Alcibiades, tell Charon how thou intendeſt to behave here below.

ALCIBIADES.

Behave! why I intend to carry fair with every

body, to adviſe Charon to double his fare, Pluto to make war upon Jupiter in order to be the firſt of the gods, ſeeing Jove governs men ſo badly, and the empire of the dead is more extenſive than that of the living. what has he to do above yonder in his Olympus, when he lets every thing on earth go at random? it is far better to acknowledge, as ſovereign of deities, him who puniſhes crimes here below, and corrects whatever his brother through his indolence has ſuffered to go out of order? as for Proſerpine, I ſhall tell her tidings of Sicily, which ſhe was ſo fond of; I ſhall ſing to my lyre the ſongs made there in honour of her; I ſhall talk to her of the nymphs with whom ſhe was gathering flowers, when Pluto came and carried her off; I ſhall likewiſe relate to her all my adventures; and it will be ſtrange ill luck if I do not make ſhift to pleaſe her.

MERCURY.

Thou wilt govern all hell, I'll engage for thee: Pluto will call thee into his council, and will not gain much by ſo doing. but this is ſome conſolation for my father Jupiter, whom thou wouldſt have dethroned.

ALCIBIADES.

Pluto will gain a great deal by it, and that you ſhall ſee.

MERCURY.

Thou gaveſt pernicious counſels in thy life-time.

ALCIBIADES.

I gave good ones too.

MERCURY.

Was that of the Sicilian enterprize a very wiſe one? did the Athenians gain much by it?

ALCIBIADES.

It is true, I gave the Athenians my advice to attack the Syracuſans, not only with a view of conquering all Sicily and then Afric, but alſo of keeping Athens in a ſtate of dependence upon me. when you have to do with a fickle, unequal, unreaſonable people, you muſt not let them lie idle; you muſt always keep them involved in ſome great embaraſſment, that they may inceſſantly ſtand in need of you, and never have time to think of cenſuring your conduct. but that affair, tho' ſomewhat hazardous, would nevertheleſs have ſucceeded, had I had the management of it. I was recalled to Athens upon a fooliſh buſineſs, about thoſe mutilated ſtatues forſooth; after my departure Lamachus periſhed like a hot-headed fool. Nicias was a great indolent fellow, ever fearful and irreſolute. they that are ſo much afraid have more to fear than others; for they loſe the advantages that fortune preſents to them, and prevent none of the inconveniences which they have foreſeen. I was accuſed alſo of having, in a debauch with ſome libertines, made a ludicrous celebration of the myſteries of Ceres. it was alledged too, that I performed the

principal part there, namely that of prieſt. but it was all ſtuff, they could never convict me of it.

MERCURY.

Stuff! what was the reaſon then thou never daredſt to preſent thyſelf, and anſwer the accuſations?

ALCIBIADES.

I would have delivered myſelf up to them had any thing elſe been in queſtion; but as my life was concerned, I would not have truſted it to my own mother.

MERCURY.

What a cowardly anſwer! art thou not aſhamed to make it me? thou who in thy moſt tender infancy couldſt venture thy life to the mercy of a brutal car-man, didſt not dare to put thy life into the hands of the Judges, to ſave thy honour in thy riper years. ah! my friend, thou muſt have been conſcious of guilt.

ALCIBIADES.

You do not conſider, that a child who is at play upon a road, and unwilling to break off his ſport, to let a cart go paſt, will do a thing out of ſpite and ſtubbornneſs that a man would never do from the dictates of reaſon. but in ſhort, you may ſay what you pleaſe, I fear'd my envyers, and the folly of the people, who run into a holy madneſs, whenever any of your deities come in queſtion.

MERCURY.

The expreſs language of a libertine! I could lay

a wager that thou hadſt ridiculed the myſteries of Eleuſinian Ceres. as for my figures, I make not the ſmalleſt doubt but thou wert the breaker of them.

CHARON.

I will by no means receive into my bark this enemy of the gods, this peſt of mankind.

ALCIBIADES.

Thou muſt needs receive me: whither wouldſt thou have me go then?

CHARON.

Back to the light, to torment all the living, and to make ſome more noiſe upon earth. this here is the manſion of ſilence and reſt.

ALCIBIADES.

Ah! pray let me not wander on the Stygian banks, like the dead deprived of burial. my ſoul was too great amongſt men to receive ſuch an indignity. but after all, ſince I have had funeral honours, I can compel Charon to ferry me over. if I have lived an ill life, the infernal judges will puniſh me for it; but as for this teſty old fellow, I ſhall oblige him——

CHARON.

Since thou takeſt it in ſo high a ſtrain, I would know how thou wert buried; for they talk very confuſedly about thy death. ſome ſay thou wert poniarded in a curtezan's arms; a glorious death for one who affects the great perſonage: others ſay thou wert burned. now till ſuch time as the fact be clear-

ed up, I laugh at thy haughtineſs, and do aſſure thee, that thou ſhalt not enter my bark.

ALCIBIADES.

I ſhall find no difficulty to relate my laſt adventure; it is not a little to my honour, and crowns a glorious life. Lyſander knowing what miſchief I had done the Lacedemonians by ſerving my country in the field, and by negotiating for it with the Perſians, reſolved to require Pharnabazus to put me to death. this Pharnabazus commanded upon the coaſts of Aſia in name of the great king. as for me, upon ſeeing with what raſhneſs the Athenian chiefs behaved, and that they would not ſo much as hear my advice; while their fleet lay in the river Egos near the Helleſpont, I foretold them their overthrow, which happened ſoon after; and I retired to a place in Phrygia, which the Perſians had given me to ſubſiſt on; there I lived content, out of conceit with fortune, which had ſo oft beguiled me; and now thought of nothing but enjoying myſelf. the curtezan Timandra was with me. Pharnabazus, not daring to refuſe my death to the Lacedemonians, ſent his brother Magnaeus to cut off my head, and burn my body: but he and all his Perſians together durſt not enter the houſe where I was; they ſet fire to it on all ſides, not one of them having the courage to come in and attack me. as ſoon as I perceived their deſign, I threw upon the flames all my cloaths, and all the houſhold-ſtuff, even the very carpets, that came next

to hand; then I wrapped my left-hand in my cloak, and with the right graſping my naked ſword, I ruſhed out of the houſe through the midſt of my enemies, without receiving the leaſt harm from the fire; nay ſcarce did it ſinge my cloaths. all the barbarians took to their heels the moment I appeared; but as they fled, they poured back ſuch a ſhower of darts and arrows upon me, that I fell transfixed. whenever they were gone off, Timandra came and took my body, wrapt it up, and gave it burial, in the moſt honourable manner ſhe could.

MERCURY.

Was not this Timandra mother to the famous curtezan of Corinth, whoſe name was Lais?

ALCIBIADES.

The ſame. now ſuch is the hiſtory of my death and burial, have you any difficulty yet remaining?

CHARON.

Yes; a great one doubtleſs, which I defy thee to remove.

ALCIBIADES.

Name it: we ſhall ſee.

CHARON.

Thou hadſt no way to ſave thyſelf from the burning but by ruſhing, like a deſperado, through the midſt of thine enemies; and thou pretendeſt that Timandra, who lay buried in the ruins of that houſe, ſuffered not any harm. beſides, I hear ſeveral ghoſts ſay, that neither the Lacedemonians nor the Perſians

were the cauſe of thy death; but aſſure, that thou hadſt ſeduced a virgin of a very noble houſe, according to thy laudable cuſtom; and that her brothers reſolving to revenge the diſhonour, cauſed thee to be buried alive.

ALCIBIADES.

Be it as it will; thou canſt not doubt, even according to this account, but I have been buried like other dead perſons.

CHARON.

But thou haſt not received the honours of burial. thou ſeekeſt ſubtileties. I ſee plainly thou haſt been a dangerous, ſhuffling fellow.

ALCIBIADES.

I was buried like other dead folks, and that is ſufficient. wouldſt thou have Timandra come and fetch thee my aſhes, or ſend thee a certificate? but if thou wilt ſtill conteſt the matter, I appeal to the three Judges here below; let me go over to plead my cauſe before them.

CHARON.

Right! thou wouldſt have gained it, didſt thou get over. what a crafty fellow here is!

MERCURY.

The truth muſt be owned. as I came along, I ſaw the urn wherein the curtezan was ſaid to have put her gallant's aſhes. a man who had ſo much the knack of enchanting the women could never want

burial; he has had honours, lamentations, tears, many more than he deſerved.

ALCIBIADES.

I take inſtruments that Mercury ſaw my aſhes in an urn: ſo now I charge Charon at his peril to receive me into his bark; he has no longer any right to refuſe me.

MERCURY.

I pity him for having any thing to do with thee: wicked wretch, thou haſt been a general incendiary; it was thou who didſt kindle that dreadful war in all Greece; thou art the cauſe that the Athenians and Lacedemonians have been eight and twenty years in arms againſt each other, both by ſea and land.

ALCIBIADES.

It is not I who am the cauſe; you ſhould blame my uncle Pericles for it.

MERCURY.

Pericles, it is true, commenced that fatal war, but it was by thy advice. doſt thou not remember one day, that thou didſt go and knock at his door? his ſervants told thee he had not time to ſee thee, becauſe he was engaged in the accounts he was to give in to the Athenians, of the adminiſtration of the republic's revenues. to which thou madeſt anſwer: inſtead of thinking to give an account, he would do much better to think of ſome expedient of never giving any. the expedient with which thou didſt furniſh him, was, to embroil affairs, to kindle a war,

and to keep the people in confuſion. Pericles was corrupt enough to take thy advice: he kindled a war, and periſhed in it: thy country has almoſt periſhed likewiſe, having therein loſt its liberty. after this need we wonder if Archeſtratus ſaid, that all Greece was not able to ſupport two Alcibiades'? Timon, the man-hater, was no leſs pleaſant in his melancholy, when full of indignation againſt the Athenians, in whom he could perceive no remains of virtue, and meeting thee one day in the ſtreet, he ſaluted thee, and graſped thy hand, ſaying, Courage, my boy, provided thou continue to grow in authority, thou wilt ſoon bring upon theſe folks all the miſeries they deſerve.

ALCIBIADES.

Muſt we be kept up with the ſayings of a melancholy mad-man, who hated all mankind?

MERCURY.

We ſhall leave the melancholy madman. but the counſel thou gaveſt Pericles, was it not a thief's counſel?

ALCIBIADES.

Friend Mercury, it does not belong to thee to talk of thief; 'tis well known that thou haſt long practiſed the trade: a ſharper god is not a very fit perſon to reprove men of diſhoneſty in money-matters.

MERCURY.

Charon, I conjure thee to ferry him over as faſt as thou canſt; for we ſhall win nothing at his hand.

take care only that he do not outwit the three Judges, and Pluto himself: warn them from me that he is a villain capable of raising a general revolt among the dead, and of overturning the most peaceful of all empires. the punishment he deserves, is to be debarred the sight of women, and to be doomed to eternal silence. he hath too much abused his beauty and eloquence; he hath perverted those great gifts to the most mischievous purposes.

CHARON.

I shall give sufficient intimations against him, and I fancy he'll pass his time but badly amongst the shades, if he can have no naughty intrigues to carry on with them.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS, AND DAMON.

DIALOGUE XX.

True virtue can love nothing but virtue.

DIONYSIUS.

YE Gods! what preſents itſelf to my eyes? 'tis Pythias arriving here.——'tis Pythias himſelf. —I could never have believed it. hah! it is he: he is come to die, and to redeem his friend.

PYTHIAS.

Yes; it is I. I went away for no other end but to pay to the gods what I had vowed them; to ſettle my family-affairs according to the rules of juſtice; and to bid farewel to my children, in order to die with the more tranquillity.

DIONYSIUS.

But why doſt thou return? how now! haſt thou no fear of death? comeſt thou to ſeek it like a deſperado, a madman?

PYTHIAS.

I come to ſuffer it, though I have not deſerved it;

I cannot find in my heart to let my friend die in my ſtead.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou loveſt him better than thyſelf then?

PYTHIAS.

No: I love him as myſelf; but I think I ought to periſh rather than he, ſince it was me thou didſt intend to put to death: it were not juſt that he ſhould ſuffer, to deliver me from death, the puniſhment thou preparedſt for me.

DIONYSIUS.

But thou pretendeſt to deſerve death no more than he.

PYTHIAS.

It is true, we are both equally innocent; and 'tis no juſter to put me to death than him.

DIONYSIUS.

Why ſayſt thou then, that it were not juſt he ſhould die inſtead of thee?

PYTHIAS.

It is equally unjuſt in thee to put Damon or me to death: but Pythias were unjuſt did he let Damon ſuffer a death that the tyrant prepared only for Pythias.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou comeſt then on the day appointed, with no other view than to ſave a friend's life by loſing thy own?

PYTHIAS.

I come, with regard to thee, to ſuffer an act of injuſtice, which is uſual with tyrants; and, with regard to Damon, to do a piece of juſtice, by reſcuing him from a danger which he incurred out of generoſity to me.

DIONYSIUS.

And thou, Damon, wert thou not afraid, ſay the truth, that Pythias would never return, and that thou ſhouldſt have to pay for him.

DAMON.

I knew but too well that Pythias would return punctually, and that he would be much more afraid to break his word, than to loſe his life: would to the gods that his relations and friends had detained him by force; ſo he would now be the comfort of good men, and I ſhould have that of dying for him.

DIONYSIUS.

What! does life diſpleaſe thee?

DAMON.

Yes; it diſpleaſes me when I ſee a tyrant.

DIONYSIUS.

Well, thou ſhalt ſee him no more: I'll have thee put to death immediately.

PYTHIAS.

Pardon the tranſport of a man who regrets his dying friend, but remember, that it was me only thou devoteſt to death: I come to ſuffer it in order to

redeem my friend: refuſe me not this conſolation in my laſt hour.

DIONYSIUS.

I cannot bear two men, who deſpiſe their lives, and my power.

DAMON.

Then thou canſt not bear virtue.

DIONYSIUS.

No: I cannot bear that proud, diſdainful virtue which deſpiſes life, which fears no puniſhment, which is inſenſible to riches and pleaſures.

DAMON.

However, thou ſeeſt that it is not inſenſible to honour, juſtice and friendſhip.

DIONYSIUS.

Guards, have Pythias away to execution: we ſhall ſee whether Damon will continue to deſpiſe my power.

DAMON.

Pythias by returning to ſubmit himſelf to thy pleaſure, has merited his life at thy hand; and I, by giving myſelf up to thy indignation for him, have provoked thee; be content, and put me to death.

PYTHIAS.

No, no, Dionyſius; remember that it was I alone who diſpleaſed thee: Damon could not——

DIONYSIUS.

Alas! what do I ſee? where am I? how unfor-

tunate am I, and how worthy to be ſo! no, I have hitherto known nothing; I have paſſed my life in darkneſs and error: all my power avails me nothing towards making myſelf beloved: I cannot boaſt of having acquired in upwards of thirty years tyranny, one ſingle friend upon earth: theſe two men in a private condition, love each other tenderly, confide in each other without reſerve, are happy in mutual love, and willing to die for each other.

PYTHIAS.

How ſhould you have friends, you who never loved any body? had you loved men, they would love you: you have feared them, they fear you, they hate you.

DIONYSIUS.

Damon, Pythias, deign to admit me between you, to be the third friend of ſo perfect a ſociety: I give you your lives, and will load you with riches.

DAMON.

We ſtand in no need of thy riches; and as for thy friendſhip, we cannot accept it, until thou be good and juſt; till that time thou canſt have only trembling ſlaves, and ſordid flatterers. thou muſt be virtuous, beneficent, ſociable, ſuſceptible of friendſhip, ready to hear the truth, and muſt know how to live in a ſort of equality with true friends, in order to be beloved by free men.

DION
AND
GELO.

DIALOGUE XXI.

In a ſovereign, it is not the man ought to reign, but the laws.

DION.

O Wonderful man, I have long deſired to ſee thee: I know that Syracuſe once owed to thee her liberty.

GELO.

And I know that thou hadſt not the ſenſe to reſtore it her. thou didſt ſet out pretty well againſt the tyrant, tho' he was thy brother-in-law; but afterwards, pride, ſoftneſs, and ſuſpicion, the vices of a tyrant, corrupted thy manners by degrees; and ſo thy own very people made away with thee.

DION.

Can any man govern a commonwealth, without being expoſed to treachery and envy?

GELO.

Yes, doubtleſs, and I am a ſhining proof of it. I was no Syracuſan: tho' a ſtranger, they ſought me to be king; they made me accept the diadem; I wore

it with mildneſs and moderation, ſo much for the happineſs of the people, that my name is ſtill beloved and revered by the citizens. altho' my family, who reigned after me, diſhonoured me by their vices, yet were they borne with for my ſake. after this inſtance it muſt be owned, that a man may command, without getting himſelf hated. but thou needſt not pretend to conceal thy faults from me; proſperity had made thee forget the philoſophy of thy friend Plato.

DION.

Ah! how is it poſſible to be a philoſopher, when one is ſovereign lord and maſter, and has paſſions unreſtrained by any fear?

GELO.

I confeſs I pity men who govern others; that great power of doing evil is a dreadful poiſon. but after all, I was a man like thyſelf, and yet lived in the royal authority to an extreme old age, without abuſing my power.

DION.

I ſtill inſiſt, that 'tis eaſy to be a philoſopher in a private ſtation; but when one is above every thing—

GELON.

'Tis when a man finds himſelf above every thing that he has moſt need of philoſophy both for his own ſake, and that of others whom he is to govern. then he ſhould be doubly wiſe, and inwardly, by his

reaſon, limit a power which knows no controll from without.

DION.

But I had ſeen the elder Dionyſius, my father-in-law, end his days peaceably in the tyranny; and I imagined I had juſt to do the ſame.

GELO.

Art thou not ſenſible that thou hadſt ſet out like an honeſt man, who deſires to reſtore liberty to his country? but didſt thou expect people would ſuffer thee in the tyranny, when they confided in thee for no other end but in order to pull down the tyrant. 'tis a chance if wicked men eſcape the dangers that ſurround them; tho' indeed they are ſufficiently puniſhed by the neceſſity under which they find themſelves of guarding againſt thoſe hazards, by ſhedding human blood, by laying republics deſolate. they have not a moment's reſt or ſecurity; they can never taſte either the pleaſure of virtue, or the ſweets of friendſhip, confidence, or a good reputation. but thou who waſt the hope of good men, who promiſedſt virtues without allay, who hadſt propoſed to introduce the republic of Plato, didſt begin to live like a tyrant, and then think to be ſuffered to live!

DION.

Well, was I to return to the world, men ſhould govern themſelves for me; I would rather go and hide myſelf in ſome deſert iſland, than take the charge

of governing a commonwealth. if a man is wicked, he has every thing to fear; if he is good, he has too much to ſuffer.

GELO.

Good kings, 'tis true, have abundance of things to ſuffer; but they enjoy an inward tranquillity and a pure pleaſure which tyrants are all their lives ſtrangers to. doſt thou know the ſecret of reigning thus? thou ſhouldſt know it, for thou haſt oft heard Plato tell it.

DION.

Tell it me again, pray, for good fortune has made me forget it.

GELO.

The man muſt not reign, he muſt content himſelf with making the laws reign. if he takes the royalty to himſelf, he ſpoils it, and proves his own ruin. he ought to exerciſe it only for the maintenance of the laws, and the good of the people.

DION.

That is very eaſy ſaid, but very hard to do.

GELO.

Hard, it is true, but not impoſſible. he who ſpeaks to thee, did as he tells thee. I never ſought authority, it came and ſought me. I feared it, I knew all its troubles; I accepted it ſolely for the good of men: I never made them feel I was maſter; I only made them ſenſible that both they and I ought to yield to

reaſon and juſtice. an honoured old age, a death which put all Sicily in mourning, a ſpotleſs and immortal reputation, a virtue rewarded here below with the bliſs of the Elyſian fields; theſe be the fruits of that philoſophy ſo long preſerved on the throne.

DION.

Alas! I knew all thou telleſt me, and I intended to do as much: but I did not diſtruſt my paſſions, and they have undone me. may I beg thy permiſſion never to leave thee more.

GELO.

No; thou canſt not be admitted amongſt thoſe happy ſouls who have governed well. adieu.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

PLATO
AND
DIONYSIUS
THE TYRANT.

DIALOGUE XXII.

A prince can find true happineſs and ſecurity no where but in the love of his ſubjects.

DIONYSIUS.

HAH! good-morrow, Plato; thou art the very ſame I ſaw thee in Sicily.

PLATO.

As for thee, thou art far from being ſo brilliant here as upon thy throne.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou waſt but a chimerical philoſopher; thy republic was only a pleaſant dream.

PLATO.

Thy tyranny hath proved no more ſolid than my republic; it is fallen to the ground.

DIONYSIUS.

It was thy friend Dion that betrayed me.

PLATO.

It was thou that betrayedſt thyſelf: when a man

makes himſelf hated, he hath every thing to fear.

DIONYSIUS.

But then what trouble does it coſt to make one's ſelf beloved? one muſt pleaſe others. is it not better to pleaſe one's ſelf, at the risk of being hated?

PLATO.

When a man makes himſelf hated, to gratify his paſſions, he hath as many enemies as ſubjects, he is never a moment in ſafety. tell me now the truth, didſt thou ſleep in peace?

DIONYSIUS.

No; I confeſs I did not: but that was becauſe I had not put people enough to death.

PLATO.

Ah! doſt thou not ſee that the death of ſome drew upon thee the hatred of others? that thoſe who beheld their neighbours maſſacred, expected to periſh in their turn, and had no way to ſave themſelves but by getting beforehand with thee? you muſt either kill on till there is not a citizen left, or abate the rigour of puniſhments, before you can be beloved. when the people love you, you have no more occaſion for guards; you are in the midſt of your people, as a father, who fears nothing, in the midſt of his own children.

DIONYSIUS.

I remember thou didſt urge all thoſe arguments with me, when I was upon the point of quitting the tyranny, in order to commence thy diſciple; but a

flatterer came in the way and prevented me. thou muſt allow, that it is very hard to renounce ſovereign power.

PLATO.

Had it not been better to have quitted it voluntarily in order to become a philoſopher, than to have been ſhamefully diſpoſſeſſed of it, in order to go and earn a living at Corinth by the trade of ſchool-maſter?

DIONYSIUS.

But I did not foreſee that I ſhould be expelled.

PLATO.

Ah! how couldſt thou hope to continue maſter in a place where thou hadſt laid every body under a neceſſity of ruining thee, in order to eſcape thy cruelty?

DIONYSIUS.

I was in hopes they would never dare to attack me.

PLATO.

When men risk more by letting you live than by attacking you, there will always be found ſome to dare it. your own guards have no way of ſecuring their lives, but by robbing you of yours. but ſpeak ingenuouſly, didſt thou not live with greater comfort in poverty at Corinth, than in all thy ſplendor at Syracuſe?

DIONYSIUS.

I did, 'tis true. at Corinth the Schoolmaſter ate and ſlept well enough; the tyrant at Syracuſe had

continual fears and misgivings; he must always be murdering of some-body, robbing the treasures, making of conquests: pleasures were no longer pleasures, they were grown quite insipid to me, and yet hurried me on too violently. but tell me, philosopher, in thy turn, didst thou think thyself very unhappy, when I caused thee to be sold?

PLATO.

I enjoyed in slavery the same peace that thou didst taste at Corinth; with this difference, that I had the happiness of suffering for virtue through the injustice of the tyrant; and thou wert the tyrant, shamefully dispossessed of his tyranny.

DIONYSIUS.

Away; I gain nothing by disputing with thee: if ever I return to the world, I shall make choice of a private station, or else I shall make myself beloved by the people I govern.

PLATO
AND
ARISTOTLE.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

A criticiſm of Ariſtotle's philoſophy: the ſolidity of the eternal ideas of Plato.

ARISTOTLE.

HAVE you forgot your old diſciple? do not you know me now?

PLATO.

How can I know you for my diſciple? you never meant but to appear maſter of all the philoſophers, and to make all that went before you ſink into oblivion.

ARISTOTLE.

That was becauſe I ſaid original things, and explained them in the cleareſt manner. I did not aſſume the poetical ſtile, in queſt of the ſublime; I did not fall into unintelligible ſuſtian; I did not give into eternal ideas.

PLATO.

Every thing you ſaid was borrowed from the books you endeavoured to ſuppreſs. you ſpoke, I grant it, in a clear, preciſe, pure manner, but dry, and incapable of conveying the ſublimity of divine truths. as for eternal ideas, you may laugh at them

as much as you please; but without them you can establish no certain truths. how is it possible to affirm or deny one thing of another, unless there be unchangeable ideas of those two things? what is reason but our ideas? did our ideas change, reason would be also changing. to-day the whole would be greater than the part; to-morrow the fashion would be gone, and the part would be greater than the whole. those eternal ideas, which you would turn into ridicule, are therefore nothing but the first principles of reason, which remain always the same. so far are we from being able to judge of those first truths, that it is they that judge us, and correct us when we err. if I say an extravagant thing, other men immediately laugh it, and I am ashamed of it. the case is, my reason, and that of my neighbours, is a rule above me, which comes and sets me right whether I will or no; as a just rule would correct a line I had drawn crooked, for want of tracing it up to the ideas which are the first and simple notions of every thing. you had not stable enough principles, and so did but grope in the dark.

ARISTOTLE.

Is there any thing clearer than my moral system?

PLATO.

It is clear, it is excellent, I own. your logic is subtle, methodical, exact, ingenious. but your physics are nothing but an heap of abstracted terms and vague names, calculated to accustom men's minds to

reſt ſatisfied with words, and to think they underſtand what they do not underſtand. on this occaſion you would have greatly needed clear ideas, in order to have avoided that unintelligible fuſtian with which you reproach others. an ignorant man of ſenſe owns honeſtly that he does not know what is firſt matter. one of your diſciples thinks he tells wonders, when he ſays, that it is neither what, nor which, nor how much, nor any of the properties, whereby being is determined. with this jargon a man fancies himſelf a great philoſopher, and deſpiſes the vulgar herd. the Epicureans that came after you reaſoned more ſenſibly than you upon motion, and the figures of the corpuſcles, which form by their aſſemblages all the compounds we ſee; at leaſt, their ſyſtem of phyſics explains many things with a ſort of probability. it is true they never traced back the idea and nature of thoſe corpuſcles. they ſuppoſe always, without proof, rules ready made, and without knowing by whom; then they draw from them, as well as they can, the compoſition of all ſenſible nature. this philoſophy in its principle is a mere fiction, 'tis true; but after all, it is of uſe to the underſtanding of a great many things in nature. your phyſics teach nothing but words; they are not a ſyſtem of philoſophy, they are only an odd, out of the way language. Tireſias threatens you, that one day there ſhall come other philoſophers who ſhall diſpoſſeſs you of the ſchools, where you ſhall long have reigned,

and who ſhall pull down your reputation from its towering height.

ARISTOTLE.

I was willing to conceal my principles, and this made me wrap up my phyſics ſo myſteriouſly.

PLATO.

And ſo well have you ſucceeded that no-body underſtands you, or at leaſt if you are underſtood, you are found to ſay nothing.

ARISTOTLE.

I could not inveſtigate all truths, nor make all experiments.

PLATO.

No man could have done it ſo conveniently: you had at your command the authority and money of Alexander: had I enjoyed the ſame advantages, I would have made noble diſcoveries.

ARISTOTLE.

Why did you not indulge Dionyſius the tyrant in order to procure the ſame benefit?

PLATO.

Becauſe I was neither a courtier nor a flatterer: but did not you who thought that princes ſhould be indulged, loſe the good graces of your diſciple by your too ambitious enterpriſes?

ARISTOTLE.

Alas! 'tis but too true! even here below, if he ſometimes calls to mind the days of his confidence

in me, he at other times ſcorns to know me, and looks askew upon me.

PLATO.

That is, becauſe he hath not found in your conduct the pure morality of your writings. ſay the truth now, you did not in the leaſt reſemble your hero.

ARISTOTLE.

And did not you preach up the contempt of all earthly and tranſitory things, when at the ſame time you lived in a magnificent manner?

PLATO.

I own it; but I was a conſiderable man in my country; I lived in it with moderation and honour. without authority or ambition, I made myſelf revered by the Greeks. the Stagyrite that would embroil every thing in the kingdom of his diſciple, is a character which in ſound philoſophy muſt be very odious.

ALEXANDER AND ARISTOTLE.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

How great ſoever be the natural qualities of a young prince, he hath every thing to fear, if he do not put away flatterers, and accuſtom himſelf betimes to reſiſt his paſſions, and to love thoſe who have the courage to tell him the truth.

ARISTOTLE.

I AM overjoyed to ſee my diſciple. what glory is it for me to have educated the conqueror of Aſia!

ALEXANDER.

My dear Ariſtotle, I behold thee again with pleaſure: I had not ſeen thee from the time I left Macedon; but I never forgot thee during my conqueſts, thou well knoweſt.

ARISTOTLE.

Doſt thou remember thy youth which was ſo amiable?

ALEXANDER.

Yes; methinks I am ſtill at Pella, or at Pydna; and that thou comeſt from Stagyra to teach me philoſophy.

ARISTOTLE.

But thou hadſt ſomewhat neglected my precepts, when too great proſperity intoxicated thy mind.

ALEXANDER.

I own it. thou well knoweſt me to be ſincere: now that I am no more than the ſhade of Alexander, I acknowledge that Alexander was too proud and haughty for a mortal.

ARISTOTLE.

Thou didſt not take my hero for thy model.

ALEXANDER.

I was not fool enough. thy hero is a mere pedant; he has nothing either true or natural in him: he is affected, and overſtrained in every thing.

ARISTOTLE.

But waſt not thou extravagant in thy heroiſm? to weep, on being told there were ſeveral worlds, that thou hadſt not yet ſubdued one of them; to over-run immenſe kingdoms in order to reſtore them to their kings, when thou hadſt vanquiſhed them; to ravage the univerſe in order to be talked of; to ruſh ſingle upon the ramparts of an enemy's town; to deſire to paſs for a deity: thou art more extravagant than my hero.

ALEXANDER.

So it ſeems I am come to thy ſchool again! thou telleſt me my odious truths, as if we were ſtill at Pella. it would not have been over-ſafe to have talked ſo freely to me on Euphrates' banks: but on the

banks of Styx, one hears a comfort more patiently. tell me then, honeſt Ariſtotle, thou who knoweſt every thing, how comes it to paſs that certain princes are ſo promiſing in their infancy, and that they afterwards forget all the good maxims they have learned, when it ſhould be their buſineſs to put them in practice? to what purpoſe is it, that in their youth they ſpeak like parrots, to approve every thing that is good, ſince reaſon, which ſhould grow in them with age, ſeems to fly away as ſoon as they enter upon affairs?

ARISTOTLE.

Indeed, thou waſt wonderful in thy youth: thou didſt entertain with politeneſs the ambaſſadors that came to Philip's court, thou didſt love learning, thou didſt read the poets, thou waſt charmed with Homer, thy heart fired at the recital of the virtues and great actions of the heroes; when thou took'ſt Thebes, thou hadſt regard to the houſe of Pindar; afterwards upon entering Aſia, thou didſt viſit the tomb of Achilles, as alſo the ruins of Troy. all this ſpeaks a diſpoſition humane, and capable of noble ſentiments. that fine diſpoſition was alſo viſible, when thou truſtedſt thy life to Philip's phyſician; but above all, in thy ſo nobly treating the family of Darius, that that king on his death-bed conſoled himſelf under his misfortune with the thoughts that thou wouldſt be a father to his family. ſuch were the effects of philoſophy, and of thy fine diſpoſition, but the reſt I dare not ſpeak.

ALEXANDER.

Say on, say on, dear Ariſtotle, thou now haſt no meaſures to keep.

ARISTOTLE.

That vain-glory, thoſe ſoftneſſes, thoſe ſuſpicions, thoſe cruelties, thoſe fits of paſſion, thoſe furious ſallies upon thy friends, that credulity to ſervile flatterers who impiouſly called thee a god.

ALEXANDER.

Ah! thou ſayſt true. I wiſh I had died after vanquiſhing Darius!

ARISTOTLE.

What! thou wiſheſt thou hadſt not ſubdued the reſt of the Eaſt?

ALEXANDER.

Leſs glory accrues to me from that conqueſt than ſhame from having yielded to my proſperity, and forgot the human condition. but tell me, pray, how it comes to paſs, that we are ſo wiſe in the infant-ſtate, and ſo little reaſonable when it were time to be moſt ſo?

ARISTOTLE.

The matter is, in youth we are inſtructed, excited, corrected by good men: afterwards we give ourſelves up to three ſorts of enemies, preſumption, our paſſions, and flatterers.

ALEXANDER AND CLITUS.

DIALOGUE XXV.

The fatal delicacy of the great, who cannot suffer their true servants, when they would make them acquainted with their failings.

CLITUS.

SAVE thee, mighty monarch! how long haſt thou been come down upon theſe gloomy banks?

ALEXANDER.

Ah! Clitus, be gone; I cannot ſupport the ſight of thee, for it reproaches me with my fault.

CLITUS.

'Tis the will of Pluto that I abide ever before thine eyes, to puniſh thy having unjuſtly killed me. I am ſorry for it, for I ſtill love thee, notwithſtanding what thou haſt done to me; but I never can leave thee more.

ALEXANDER.

O cruel company! eternally to behold a perſon who revives the memory of what one was ſo much aſhamed of committing.

CLITUS.

I do eaſily look upon my murderer: why canſt

not thou look upon a perſon whom thou haſt put to death? I perceive the great are more delicate than other men; they chuſe to ſee none but ſuch as are pleaſed with them, flatter them, and pretend to admire them. it is no longer time to be delicate when upon the Stygian ſhore: thou ſhouldſt have laid aſide that delicacy, when thou laidſt aſide the kingly grandeur. thou haſt nothing to beſtow here, ſo here thou wilt find no flatterers.

ALEXANDER.

Ah! what miſery? upon earth I was a god; here I am but a ghoſt, and unmercifully upbraided with my faults.

CLITUS.

Why didſt thou then commit them?

ALEXANDER.

When I killed thee, I had drunk too much.

CLITUS.

A fine excuſe truly for a hero, nay, a god! he who ought to have been reaſonable enough to govern the whole world, loſt all his reaſon through drunkenneſs, and made himſelf like a wild beaſt. but be honeſt and own the truth; thou wert yet more intoxicated with pride and paſſion than with wine: thou couldſt not brook my condemning thy vanity which prompted thee to receive divine honours, and to forget the ſervices that had been done thee. anſwer me, I am no longer afraid of thy killing me.

ALEXANDER.

O cruel gods! why cannot I be revenged of you! but alas! I cannot even take vengeance on this ſhade of Clitus, which comes thus brutally to inſult me.

CLITUS.

Thou art as choleric and fiery as thou wert amongſt the living. but no one fears thee here; for my part, thou moveſt my pity.

ALEXANDER.

What! the great Alexander move the pity of a vile ſlave like Clitus! ah! why cannot I kill him or myſelf.

CLITUS.

Thou canſt no more do either; ghoſts do not die. behold thou art now immortal, but in another manner than thou pretendedſt. thou muſt even reſolve to be but a ſhade like myſelf, and like the loweſt of men. thou wilt here find no more provinces to ravage, nor kings to tread under thy feet; no more palaces to burn in thy drunkenneſs, no more ridiculous ſtories to boaſt thee the ſon of Jove.

ALEXANDER.

Thou treat'ſt me as a paltry wretch.

CLITUS.

No; I acknowledge thee a great conqueror, of a ſublime genius; but ſpoiled by too vaſt ſucceſſes. does telling truth with affection offend thee? if it does, return to the earth, and ſeek thy flatterers.

ALEXANDER.

What then ſhall all my glory avail me, if Clitus himſelf do not ſpare me?

CLITUS.

It was thy paſſion that ſullied thy glory amongſt the living. would'ſt thou preſerve it pure in the infernal ſhades, thou muſt be modeſt with ghoſts that have nothing to loſe or to gain with thee.

ALEXANDER.

But thou ſaidſt that thou didſt love me.

CLITUS.

Yes, I love thy perſon, but not thy failings.

ALEXANDER.

If thou loveſt me, ſpare me.

CLITUS.

Becauſe I love thee, I will not ſpare thee. when thou appeareſt ſo chaſte before the wife and daughter of Darius, when thou ſhewedſt ſo much generoſity to that vanquiſhed prince, thou didſt deſerve great praiſes, and I beſtowed them on thee. but afterwards proſperity made thee grow careleſs even of thy own glory.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Flattery is the bane of princes.

DIOGENES.

DO not I ſee Alexander amongſt the dead?

ALEXANDER.

Thou art not miſtaken, Diogenes.

DIOGENES.

How? do gods die?

ALEXANDER.

No; but men do, who are by nature mortal.

DIOGENES.

But doſt thou think thyſelf a mere man?

ALEXANDER.

What other thought could I have of myſelf?

DIOGENES.

Thou art grown wondrous modeſt ſince thy death. nothing had been wanting to thy glory, Alexander, hadſt thou been as much ſo in thy lifetime.

ALEXANDER.

Wherein, pray, did I ſo far forget myſelf?

DIOGENES.

Doſt thou ask; thou who, not content with being

ſon to a great king that had made himſelf maſter of Greece, didſt arrogate a deſcent from Jupiter? thy ſlaves made their court to thee, by telling thee, that a ſerpent had infolded Olympias. thou wouldſt rather have that monſter to thy father, becauſe that tickled thy vanity more, than to be deſcended from a long race of Macedonian kings; becauſe thou foundſt nothing in ſuch birth ſuperior to humanity. didſt thou not ſuffer the baſe and ſhameful flattery of the prieſteſs of Jupiter-Ammon, when ſhe anſwered, that thou didſt blaſpheme in ſuppoſing that thy father could have murderers. thou wert wiſe enough to improve her ſalutary hint, and didſt carefully avoid falling again into the like impiety. too weak a man to ſupport the talents thou hadſt received from heaven!

ALEXANDER.

Doſt thou fancy, Diogenes, that I was fool enough to give faith to all thoſe fables?

DIOGENES.

Why then didſt thou authoriſe them?

ALEXANDER.

Becauſe they authoriſed me: I deſpiſed them, and yet made uſe of them, becauſe they gave me an abſolute power over men. thoſe who would have but little regarded Philip's ſon, trembled before the ſon of Jove. there is a neceſſity of deceiving the people: truth has no weight with them; falſhood is almighty upon their minds. that ſingle reſponſe of the prieſteſs

which thou mention'ſt with deriſion, did more to promote my conqueſts than all my courage and contrivance. one muſt learn to know men, adapt one's ſelf to them, and lead them in the paths in which they are capable of walking.

DIOGENES.

Men of the character thou deſcribeſt, are worthy of contempt, as well as the error they are ſlaves to: in order to be eſteemed by ſo deſpicable people, thou hadſt recourſe to falſhood, which rendered thee more unworthy than any of them.

DIOGENES

AND THE ELDER

DIONYSIUS.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

A prince who makes his happineſs and glory to conſiſt in gratifying his ſenſual appetites and paſſions, can be happy neither in this world, nor in the next.

DIONYSIUS.

I AM overjoyed to ſee a man of thy reputation: Alexander has been telling me of thee ſince he came down to theſe regions.

DIOGENES.

For my part, I had heard but too much of thee upon earth; thou there madeſt ſuch noiſe as do torrents which carry univerſal devaſtation along with them.

DIONYSIUS.

Is it true that thou wert happy in thy tub?

DIOGENES.

One certain ſign that I was happy in it is, that I never ſought any thing further, and that I deſpiſed even the offers of the young Macedonian thou ſpeakeſt of. but is it not true that thou wert not happy in poſſeſſing Syracuſe and Sicily, ſince thou didſt alſo want to enter by Rhegium into the heart of Italy?

DIONYSIUS.

Thy moderation was nothing but vanity and an affectation of virtue.

DIOGENES.

Thine ambition was nothing but folly, and a furious pride, that could do juſtice neither to others, nor to thyſelf.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou talkeſt very boldly.

DIOGENES.

And doſt thou ſtill imagine thyſelf the tyrant?

DIONYSIUS.

Alas! I am but too ſenſible that I am ſo no more. I held the Syracuſans, as many a time I have boaſted, in adamantine chains: but the ſciſſars of the wayward deſtinies cut thoſe chains, together with the thread of my days.

DIOGENES.

I hear thee ſigh, and am convinced thou didſt alſo ſigh in the midſt of thy glory. for my part, I never ſighed in my tub, and have no occaſion to ſigh here below; for when I died, I left no eſtate worth the regretting. poor tyrant! how much haſt thou loſt by being ſo rich; and how much hath Diogenes gained by poſſeſſing nothing!

DIONYSIUS.

All the pleaſures came in crowds to attend me: my muſic was admirable; I had an exquiſite table,

ſlaves without number, the richeſt perfumes, furniture of gold and ſilver, pictures, ſtatues, ſhews of all kinds, men of wit to entertain and praiſe me, and armies to vanquiſh my enemies.

DIOGENES.

And over and above all that, ſuſpicions, alarms, and mad fits, which prevented thy enjoying ſo many bleſſings.

DIONYSIUS.

I own it; but how could one live in a tub?

DIOGENES.

Ah! who hindered thee to live peaceably like a good man, in thy own houſe, like other people, and to embrace a ſweet philoſophy? but is it true, that thou didſt always fancy, in the midſt of thy pleaſures, that thou ſaweſt a ſword hanging over thy head?

DIONYSIUS.

Let us talk no more of it: thou meaneſt to inſult me.

DIOGENES.

Wilt thou ſuffer one other queſtion as home as the former?

DIONYSIUS.

I muſt needs ſuffer it; I have now no threats to deter thee; I am here effectually diſarmed.

DIOGENES.

Whether or no didſt thou promiſe rewards to all

who ſhould invent new pleaſures? 'twas a ſtrange rage of voluptuouſneſs! O how greatly hadſt thou miſ-reckoned! firſt to turn thy country upſide down, in order to be happy, and then to be ſo miſerable, and in ſuch craving want of pleaſures!

DIONYSIUS.

I was obliged to endeavour to get new ones invented, as all ordinary pleaſures were grown old to me.

DIOGENES.

All nature then did not ſuffice thee! what was there that could quiet thy raging paſſions? could new pleaſures have cured thy miſgivings, and ſtifled the remorſe of thy crimes?

DIONYSIUS.

No: but the ſick do what they can to find relief from their ails. they try new methods of cure, and new meats to create an appetite.

DIOGENES.

So thine was at once cloyed and craving: cloyed of every thing thou hadſt, and craving of every thing thou couldſt not have. a fine ſituation truly, and this it was thou tookſt ſo much pains to acquire and preſerve. an excellent receit for making a man happy! it well becomes thee to laugh at my tub, where a little water, a little bread, and a little ſun rendered me content. when one knows how to reliſh thoſe ſimple pleaſures of pure nature, they never pall by the uſing, and one never wants them. but when a man deſpiſes

them, be he never ſo rich and powerful, he wants every thing; for he can enjoy nothing.

DIONYSIUS.

Theſe truths thou tell'ſt afflict me; they make me think of my ſon, whom I left tyrant behind me: he were happier, had I left him a poor tradeſman, inured to moderation, and bred in the ſchool of adverſity; at leaſt he would have ſome true pleaſures, which nature does by no means deny to middle ſtations.

DIOGENES.

To reſtore his appetite, he ſhould be made to faſt, and to prevent his loathing his gilded palace; he ſhould be ſent to occupy my tub, which has ſtood empty ſince my death.

DIONYSIUS.

Nor will he even know how to maintain himſelf in that power, which I was at ſuch pains to procure for him.

DIOGENES.

Oh! what wouldſt thou have a man to know, who is born in too great proſperity, and brought up in ſoftneſs? ſcarce does he know how to take pleaſure when it comes to his hand. every body muſt be plagued to divert him.

PYRRHO
AND HIS
NEIGHBOUR.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

The falſeneſs and abſurdity of Pyrrhoniſm.

NEIGHBOUR.

GOod-morrow, Pyrrho. they ſay you have got a great many diſciples, and that your ſchool has gained a high reputation: will you be pleaſed to receive and inſtruct me?

PYRRHO.

I will, methinks.

NEIGHBOUR.

Why do you add, methinks? do you not know what you will? if you do not know it, who ſhould know it for you? and what do you know then, you who paſs for ſo knowing a man?

PYRRHO.

I! I know nothing.

NEIGHBOUR.

What do people learn then by hearing you?

PYRRHO.

Nothing at all.

NEIGHBOUR.

Why then do they hear you?

PYRRHO.

To be convinced of their ignorance. is it not knowing a great deal, to know that they know nothing.

NEIGHBOUR.

No indeed is not it. the moſt vulgar and ignorant clown is conſcious of his ignorance, tho' he is neither philoſopher nor learned man; yet is he more ſenſible of his ignorance than you are of yours: for you think yourſelf above all mankind by affecting to be ignorant of every thing. this affected ignorance does by no means take away your preſumption; whereas the clown, who is conſcious of his ignorance, is in all things diffident of himſelf, and that in great ſincerity.

PYRRHO.

The clown believes himſelf ignorant only of certain things too high for him, and which require ſtudy; but he does not ſuppoſe himſelf ignorant that he walks, that he ſpeaks, that he lives. for my part, I am ignorant of all that, and by principle too.

NEIGHBOUR.

What! are you ignorant of all that concerning yourſelf? fine principles, truly; to admit no principles at all!

PYRRHO.

Yes; I am ignorant whether I live, whether I exiſt. in a word, I am ignorant of all things without exception.

NEIGHBOUR.

But are you ignorant that you think?

PYRRHO.

Yes; I do not know that I do.

NEIGHBOUR.

To be ignorant of all things is to doubt of all things, and to find nothing certain: is it not true?

PYRRHO.

It is, if any thing can be ſo.

NEIGHBOUR.

To be ignorant and to doubt, is the ſame thing. to doubt and to think, is alſo the ſame thing: therefore you cannot doubt without thinking. your doubt is then a certain proof that you think. therefore there is ſomething certain, ſince your very doubt proves the certainty of your thought.

PYRRHO.

I am ignorant even of my ignorance. I have you there.

NEIGHBOUR.

If you are ignorant of your ignorance, why do you ſpeak of it? why do you defend it? why do you attempt to inculcate it upon your diſciples, and to perſuade them out of all they have ever believed. if you are ignorant of your very ignorance, you ſhould give no more leſtures upon it, nor deſpiſe thoſe who think they know the truth.

PYRRHO.

Our whole life is perhaps but one continued dream.

perhaps the moment of death ſhall be but a ſudden waking, when we ſhall diſcover the illuſion of what we have believed moſt real; as a man awaking ſees all the phantoms diſappear, that he fancied he ſaw and touched in his dreams.

NEIGHBOUR.

You are afraid then you ſleep and dream with your eyes open. you ſay PERHAPS of every thing; but that very PERHAPS ſpeaks a thought. your dream, falſe as it is, is ſtill the dream of a man dreaming; at leaſt it is ſure that you dream; for there muſt needs be ſomething, and ſomething that thinks too, to have dreams. nothing can neither ſleep nor dream, nor be deceived, nor be ignorant, nor doubt, nor ſay PERHAPS. behold you are condemned then, whether you will or not, to know ſomething, which is your dreaming, and to be at leaſt a dreaming and a thinking being.

PYRRHO.

This ſubtlety is puzzling. I will have no ſuch ſubtle and troubleſome diſciple in my ſchool.

NEIGHBOUR.

You will then, and you will not. in truth every thing you ſay and do, belyes your affected doubting. your ſect is a ſect of lyars. if you will have none ſuch as me for a diſciple, I will far leſs have any ſuch as you for a maſter.

PYRRHUS AND DEMETRIUS POLIORCETES.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Temperance and virtue, not conqueſt and ſucceſs, make the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

I Come to ſalute here the greateſt hero, next to Alexander, Greece hath ever boaſted.

PYRRHUS.

Is not that Demetrius I perceive? I know him by the deſcription I have had of him.

DEMETRIUS.

Have you heard of the great wars I had to ſupport?

PYRRHUS.

Yes; but I have alſo heard of your ſoftneſs and remiſſneſs in time of peace.

DEMETRIUS.

If I had a little ſoftneſs, my great actions made ample amends for it.

PYRRHUS.

As for me, in all the wars I waged, I was ever

firm. I ſhewed the Romans that I knew how to ſupport my allies: for when they attacked the Tarentines, I paſſed to their aſſiſtance with a formidable army, and made the Romans feel the ſtrength of my arm.

DEMETRIUS.

But Fabricius had an eaſy purchaſe of you at laſt; and it manifeſtly appeared that your troops were not comparable to the Roman forces. your elephants were the cauſe of your victory, they confounded the Romans, who were not uſed to that way of fighting. but in the ſecond battle the advantage was equal on both ſides; and, in the third, the Romans got a complete victory. you were forced to repaſs into Epirus, and died at laſt by the hand of a woman.

PYRRHUS.

I died fighting; but as for you, I know what brought you to the grave; it was your debauchery and gluttony. you ſupported hot wars, I confeſs, and even had ſome advantage: but amidſt thoſe wars, you were ſurrounded with a flock of curteſans, who followed you inceſſantly, as ſheep do their ſhepherd. as for me, I ſhewed myſelf conſtant on all manner of occaſions, even under my misfortunes; nay, I believe in that particular, I ſurpaſſed even Alexander himſelf.

DEMETRIUS.

Ay, but his actions ſurpaſſed yours: to paſs the Danube upon goats skins, to force the paſſage of the

Granicus with an handful of troops in the face of an infinite army of enemies; always to beat the Perſians in plain and in defile; to take their cities, to penetrate as far as India, and at length to ſubdue all Aſia. all this was far greater than entering into Italy, and being obliged to leave it ſhamefully.

PYRRHUS.

By thoſe great conqueſts Alexander drew his death upon him: for 'tis alleged that Antipater, whom he had left in Macedonia, cauſed him to be poiſoned at Babylon, in order to have all his dominions.

DEMETRIUS.

His hope proved vain, and my father ſhewed him, that he meddled with one who was too many for him.

PYRRHUS.

I confeſs I ſet Alexander but a bad example; for I had a deſign to conquer Italy: but he would be nothing leſs than king of the world; and had been much happier in remaining king of Macedon, than in roaming over Aſia like a madman.

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO.

DIALOGUE XXX.

A parallel between theſe two orators, wherein is given the character of true eloquence.

CICERO.

WHAT! doſt thou pretend that I was but an ordinary orator?

DEMOSTHENES.

Not an ordinary one; for it is not over an ordinary perſon that I affect ſuperiority. thou wert doubtleſs a celebrated orator. thou hadſt great parts; but didſt frequently deviate from the point wherein perfection conſiſts.

CICERO.

And pray hadſt thou no faults at all?

DEMOSTHENES.

I believe I can be taxed with none in point of eloquence.

CICERO.

Canſt thou compare richneſs of genius with me? thou who art dry, unadorned, who art ever confined within narrow and contracted limits; thou doſt not amplify any ſubject; thou from whom nothing can be

retrenched, ſo jejune, ſo ſtarved, if I may uſe the term, is the manner in which thou treat'ſt thy ſubjects: whereas I give mine a length, which diſplays a copiouſneſs and fertility of genius, which gave men of judgment occaſion to ſay, that nothing could be added to my works.

DEMOSTHENES.

He from whom nothing can be retrenched, hath ſaid nothing but what is perfect.

CICERO.

He to whom nothing can be added, hath omitted nothing that could embelliſh his work.

DEMOSTHENES.

Thou findeſt thy diſcourſes more replete with flaſhes of wit than mine? ſpeak honeſtly, is not that the reaſon thou exalteſt thyſelf above me?

CICERO.

I will even own it to thee then, ſince thou talk'ſt ſo. my pieces are infinitely more ornate than thine. they ſpeak far more wit, more ingenuity of turn, more art, more eaſe. I exhibit the ſame thing under twenty different ſhapes. when people heard my orations, they could not forbear admiring my parts, and being continually ſurpriſed at my art; they were ever ſhouting and interrupting me, in order to applaud and extol me. thou muſt have been heard very quietly, and thy audience, I fancy, gave thee no interruption.

DEMOSTHENES.

What thou ſayeſt of us both is true. thou miſtakeſt

only in the concluſion thou draweſt from it. thou didſt take up the aſſembly with thyſelf: I took it up only with the affairs I ſpoke upon. people admired thee; I was forgot by my audience, who ſaw nothing but the courſe I wanted them to take. thou didſt entertain with the flaſhes of thy wit. I ſtruck down with bolts of thunder. thou madeſt men ſay: How finely he ſpeaks! I made them ſay: Come on, let us march againſt Philip. they praiſed thee: they were too much carried out of themſelves to praiſe me. when thou didſt harangue, thou appeareſt ornate; none diſcovered in me any ornament: there was nothing in my pieces but preciſe, ſtrong, clear arguments; and then impulſes like lightning which nothing could reſiſt. thou wert a perfect orator, when thou wert, like me, ſimple, grave, auſtere, without apparent art; in a word, when thou wert Demoſthenical: but when wit, turn, and art ſhone forth in thy diſcourſes; then wert thou mere Cicero, departing ſo far from perfection, as thou departedſt from my character.

DEMOSTHENES

AND

CICERO.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

The difference between the Orator and the true Philoſopher.

CICERO.

TO have lived in the time of Plato, and even to have been his diſciple, methinks you profited very little by ſuch an advantage.

DEMOSTHENES.

Have you then obſerved nothing in my orations, you who read them to ſo good purpoſe, that ſavoured of Plato's maxims, and his manner of perſwading?

CICERO.

That is not what I mean: you were the greateſt orator of the Greeks; but then you were nothing but an orator. as for me, though I never knew Plato but in his writings, and lived about three hundred years after him, I ſtrove to imitate him in philoſophy; I made him known to the Romans, and was the firſt who introduced that kind of writing among them; inſomuch that I united as far as I was capable, in one and the ſame perſon, eloquence and philoſophy.

DEMOSTHENES.

And ſo you think you were a great philoſopher?

CICERO.

To be ſo, it is ſufficient to love wiſdom, and to labour to acquire knowledge and virtue: I think I may give myſelf the title without exceſs of vanity.

DEMOSTHENES.

For an orator, I grant, you were the firſt of your nation; and even the Greeks of your time admired you: but for a philoſopher, I cannot grant it. one is not that at ſo eaſy a rate.

CICERO.

You don't know what it coſt me: my lucubrations, my labours, my meditations; the books I read, the maſters I heard, the treatiſes I compoſed.

DEMOSTHENES.

All that is not philoſophy.

CICERO.

What more, pray, is requiſite?

DEMOSTHENES.

To do what you ſaid of Cato by way of deriſion, to ſtudy philoſophy, not in order to diſcover the truths it teaches, to argue about it as moſt men do; but in order to reduce it to practice.

CICERO.

And did not I do ſo? did not I live up to the doctrine of Plato and Ariſtotle, which I had embraced?

DEMOSTHENES.

Let us drop Ariſtotle: I might perhaps diſpute him the quality of a philoſopher, nor can I have any great opinion of a Greek, who was attached to a king, and

that to Philip: as for Plato, I maintain that you never followed his maxims.

CICERO.

'Tis true that in my youth, and during the greateſt part of my time, I followed the active and laborious life of thoſe whom Plato calls Politicians. but when I ſaw my country had changed its aſpect, and that I could no longer be of uſe to her in high employments, I ſought to ſerve her by the ſciences, and retired to my country ſeats, in order to apply myſelf to contemplation, and the ſtudy of truth.

DEMOSTHENES.

That is to ſay, philoſophy was your laſt reſort, when you had no longer any ſhare in the adminiſtration, and that then you had a mind to diſtinguiſh yourſelf by your ſtudies: for it was glory more than virtue that you purſued in them.

CICERO.

'Tis needleſs to lie, I ever loved glory, as an attendant of virtue.

DEMOSTHENES.

Say rather, you loved glory much, and virtue little.

CICERO.

Upon what grounds do you judge ſo hardly of me?

DEMOSTHENES.

Upon your own diſcourſes: at the very time you played the philoſopher, did you not pronounce thoſe fine orations, wherein you flattered Caeſar your tyrant, more ſervilely, than ever was Philip by his

ſlaves? yet we know how you loved him; it well appeared after his death, and in his life time you did not ſpare him in your letters to Atticus.

CICERO.

It was expedient to conform one's ſelf to the times, and to endeavour to ſooth the tyrant, leſt he ſhould grow ſtill worſe.

DEMOSTHENES.

You talk like a good orator, though like a bad philoſopher: but what became of your philoſophy after his death? who obliged you to enter again into public affairs?

CICERO.

The Roman people, who looked upon me as their ſole ſupport.

DEMOSTHENES.

Your vanity prompted you to think ſo, and delivered you up to a young man, who made a tool of you. but let us return to the point: you were always an orator, never a philoſopher.

CICERO.

And were you ever any thing elſe?

DEMOSTHENES.

No, I confeſs; but then I never made any other profeſſion, I deceived no body: I came early to underſtand that I muſt chooſe between rhetoric and philoſophy; that each required a whole man. the deſire of glory touched me: I thought it a fine thing for me who was but a private citizen, and a common

tradeſman's ſon, to govern the people by my eloquence, and make a ſtand againſt the power of Philip. I loved the public weal, and the liberty of Greece; but I may now confeſs I loved myſelf ſtill better, and was very ſenſible of the pleaſure of receiving a crown in full theatre, and of leaving my ſtatue in the public Place, with a pompous inſcription upon it. now I ſee things in another light, and perceive that Socrates was in the right, when he aſſured Gorgias, 'that 'eloquence was no ſuch fine thing as he imagined; 'were it even to attain its end, and render a man 'abſolute maſter in his commonwealth.' this both you and I attained: confeſs now, we were nothing the happier.

CICERO.

'Tis true our lives were two continued ſcenes of toils and dangers. I had no ſooner defended Roſcius, than I was fain to fly into Greece, to avoid the indignation of Sylla. the accuſation of Verres drew a world of enemies upon me; my conſulſhip, the time of my greateſt glory, was alſo the time of my greateſt toils, and of my greateſt dangers. I was frequently in hazard of my life, and the odium I then incurred broke out afterwards by my exile. in fine, it was nothing but my eloquence that occaſioned my death, and had I not puſhed Antony ſo hard, I had been ſtill in life. I ſay nothing of your misfortunes; it were needleſs to recal them to your mind. but neither of us have any

thing to blame but fate, or fortune, if you will, which made it our lot to be born in so corrupt times, that it was impossible to reform our commonwealths, or even to prevent their ruin.

DEMOSTHENES.

It was therein we wanted judgment, undertaking impossibilities: for it was not our people that forced us to take care of the public affairs, and we were not at all engaged in them by our birth. I forgive a prince born in the purple for governing, as he can, a state, which the gods have committed to his charge, by causing him to be born of a certain race, seeing he is not at freedom to abandon that trust, how bad soever he find his situation: but a mere private person ought to think of nothing but regulating himself and governing his own family; he ought never to desire public offices, far less to court them: if they be forced upon him, he may accept them out of love to his country; but when once he has not the liberty of doing good, and his citizens grow regardless both of the laws and of reason, he ought to return into private life, and content himself with deploring the public calamities which he finds himself unable to avert.

CICERO.

By your way of reckoning, my friend Pomponius Atticus was wiser than I, and even than Cato himself, whom we so highly extolled.

DEMOSTHENES.

Yes doubtleſs, Atticus was a true philoſopher: Cato was unſeaſonably obſtinate in pretending to reform a people who would live no longer in liberty, and you yielded too eaſily to Caeſar's fortune; at leaſt, you did not enough preſerve your dignity.

CICERO.

But after all, is not eloquence a good thing, nay a great gift of the gods?

DEMOSTHENES.

It is very good in itſelf: it is only the uſe of it that may be bad; as when it is employed towards tickling the paſſions of the people, or the gratifying of our own. and what elſe did we in our virulent declamations againſt our enemies? I againſt Midias or Eſchines, you againſt Piſo, Vatinius or Antony? how egregiouſly did our paſſions and intereſts make us offend againſt truth and juſtice! the true uſe of eloquence is to ſet truth in its proper light, and to perſuade others to their true intereſt, that is, to juſtice, and the other virtues. it was the uſe that Plato made of it, that neither of us imitated.

CORIOLANUS
AND
CAMILLUS.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

Men are not born independent, but ſubject to the laws of the country where they have been born, and bred, and protected in their infancy.

CORIOLANUS

WELL, you have felt, as well as I, the ingratitude of a native country. 'tis a ſtrange thing to ſerve a fooliſh people. come, own it honeſtly, and excuſe a little thoſe whoſe patience fails them.

CAMILLUS.

For my part, I find no excuſe for ſuch as riſe up againſt their country. we may retire, give place to injuſtice, wait leſs rigorous times; but it is an act of impiety to take up arms againſt the mother that gave us birth.

CORIOLANUS.

Thoſe ſpecious names of Mother and Country are nothing but names. men are born free and independent: ſocieties with all their ſubordinations and politics are mere human inſtitutions, which can never deſtroy the liberty eſſential to man. if the ſociety of men, in which we have been born, comes to be want-

ing in juſtice and honeſty, we no longer owe it any thing, we regain the natural rights of our liberty, and may go in queſt of ſome other more reaſonable ſociety, where to live in quiet, as a traveller paſſes from town to town, according to his taſte and conveniency. all thoſe fine notions of a native country have been inſtilled by artful ſpirits, ambitious to lord it over us. lawgivers have crammed many of them down our throats; but we muſt always return to the natural right, which renders every man free and independent: now every man being born in this ſtate of independency with regard to others, he pawns his liberty, by entering into the ſociety of a people, only upon condition, that he ſhall be equitably dealt by. the moment ſociety breaks this condition, the private perſon regains his rights, and the whole world is as free to him as to others. he has but to ſecure himſelf from a ſuperior force, and to enjoy his liberty.

CAMILLUS.

You are grown a very ſubtle philoſopher here below! they ſay you were leſs given to reaſoning while alive. but do you not ſee your error? ſuch a paction with ſociety may have ſome ſhadow of pretence, when a man makes choice of a country to live in; tho' ſtill he is juſtly liable to be puniſhed according to the laws of the reſpective nation, if he hath entered himſelf a member of it, and doth not live according to its manners. but children who are born in a country, have

not their country to chooſe; the gods give it them, or rather give them to that ſociety of men, which is their country, to the end that that country may poſſeſs, govern, reward or puniſh them as its children. 'tis by no means choice, policy, art, or arbitrary inſtitution, that ſubjects children to a father; 'tis nature which hath decreed it. fathers collectively form a native country, and have an ample authority over the children they have brought into the world. would you dare to queſtion it?

CORIOLANUS.

Yes, I dare. tho' a man be my father, I am a man as well as he, and as free as he, by the eſſential rules of humanity. I owe him indeed gratitude and reſpect; but nature hath never made me dependent upon him.

CAMILLUS.

You lay down fine rules for virtue! at that rate every one will think he has a right to live as he liſts; and there will be no more, upon earth, either polity, ſecurity, ſubordination, regular ſociety, or certain principles of good manners.

CORIOLANUS.

There will always be reaſon and virtue implanted by nature in the hearts of men; if they make a wrong uſe of their liberty, ſo much the worſe for them; but tho' their liberty abuſed may turn to licentiouſneſs, yet it is certain that by nature they are free.

CAMILLUS.

I allow it. but you muſt alſo own that all the wiſeſt of men, having found the inconvenience of that liberty, which would make as many whimſical governments as there are whimſical heads, have concluded that nothing was ſo eſſential to the quiet of mankind, as the ſubjecting of the multitude to the laws eſtabliſhed in every place. is it not true that this is the regulation the wiſeſt men have made in all countries, as the foundation of all ſociety?

CORIOLANUS.

It is true.

CAMILLUS.

That regulation was neceſſary.

CORIOLANUS.

True again.

CAMILLUS.

Not only is it wiſe, juſt, and neceſſary in itſelf; but alſo authoriſed by almoſt univerſal conſent, or at leaſt by that of the greater part of mankind. if it is neceſſary for human life, none but untoward and unreaſonable men will reject it.

CORIOLANUS.

I grant what you ſay; but ſuch a regulation is merely arbitrary.

CAMILLUS.

What is ſo eſſential to ſociety, to the peace, to the ſafety of men, what reaſon neceſſarily requires, muſt be

founded in rational nature itſelf, and is by no means arbitrary: therefore that ſubordination is not at all an invention to govern weak minds; 'tis, on the contrary, a neceſſary bond, which reaſon furniſhes to regulate, to pacify, to unite men amongſt themſelves. it is therefore undeniable, that reaſon, which is the true nature of reaſonable creatures, requires that they ſubject themſelves to laws, and to certain men, who ſtand in the place of the firſt law-givers; that, in a word, they obey, that they all unanimouſly concur towards relieving the common wants, and promoting the common intereſts, that they uſe their liberty only according to reaſon, to ſtrengthen and perfect ſociety. this is what I call being a good citizen, loving one's country, and being attached to the commonwealth.

CORIOLANUS.

You that accuſe me of ſubtilety, are yourſelf more ſubtile than I.

CAMILLUS.

Not at all: let us recapitulate if you will: by what propoſition have I out-witted you? reaſon is the nature of man. that one is true; is it not?

CORIOLANUS.

Yes, doubtleſs.

CAMILLUS.

Man is not at liberty to walk contrary to all reaſon: what ſay you to that?

CORIOLANUS.

I ſay it muſt alſo paſs.

CAMILLUS.

Reaſon wills us to live in ſociety, and conſequently with ſubordination. your anſwer?

CORIOLANUS.

I think as you do.

CAMILLUS.

There muſt therefore be inviolable rules of ſociety, which man names laws, and men guardians of the laws, who are called magiſtrates, to puniſh ſuch as tranſgreſs them; otherwiſe there would be as many arbitrary governments as heads, and the greateſt wrong-heads would be thoſe who would moſt pervert the manners and laws, in order to govern, or at leaſt to live according to their caprices.

CORIOLANUS.

All that is clear.

CAMILLUS.

Therefore it is the part of rational nature to ſubject its liberty to the laws and magiſtrates of the ſociety in which we live.

CORIOLANUS.

That is certain; but we are free to quit that ſociety.

CAMILLUS.

If every one is free to quit his own wherein he is born, there will very ſoon be no more regular ſociety upon earth.

CORIOLANUS.

Why ſo?

CAMILLUS.

For this reaſon: the wrong-heads being the majority, they will all think they may ſhake off the yoke of their country, and go elſewhere to live without rule or reſtraint; this majority will become independent; and will quickly deſtroy all authority every where; they will even go out of their country to ſeek arms againſt their country itſelf. from that moment there is no longer any ſettled or ſure ſociety of people. thus would you overturn the laws and ſociety, which, by your own confeſſion, reaſon requires, in order to indulge an unbridled liberty, or rather the libertiniſm of fooliſh and wicked men, who never think themſelves free but when they can with impunity bid defiance to reaſon and the laws.

CORIOLANUS.

I now ſee plainly the whole ſcope of your reaſoning, and I begin to reliſh it.

CAMILLUS.

Add to this, that the inſtitution of a commonwealth and laws, being afterwards ratified by the univerſal conſent and practice of mankind, ſome brutal and ſavage nations only excepted, all human nature, ſo to ſpeak, hath for numberleſs ages given itſelf up to the government of laws, through an abſolute neceſſity: the fooliſh even and the wicked, provided they be not wholly ſo, feel and acknowledge

this want of living in common, and of being ſubject to laws.

CORIOLANUS.

I underſtand you, and you will have it that our native country being veſted with that right ſacred and inviolable, we cannot take up arms againſt her.

CAMILLUS.

It is not only I who will have it ſo, 'tis nature itſelf that requires it. when Volumnia your mother, and Vetruria your wife, ſpoke to you in behalf of Rome; what did they ſay to you, what did you feel at the bottom of your heart?

CORIOLANUS.

'Tis true nature ſpoke to me in behalf of my mother; but it did not therefore ſpeak to me in behalf of Rome.

CAMILLUS.

Very well, your mother ſpoke to you in behalf of Rome, and nature ſpoke to you by the mouth of your mother. theſe be the natural links that attach us to our country. could you attack the city of your mother, of all your relations and friends, without violating the rights of nature? I do not ask any reaſoning upon the matter, 'tis your immediate ſentiment without reflection that I conſult.

CORIOLANUS.

'Tis true, we act contrary to nature as oft as we fight againſt our country: but if it is not lawful to attack her, you muſt at leaſt confeſs, that it is law-

ful to forſake her when ſhe proves unjuſt and ungrateful.

CAMILLUS.

No. I ſhall never confeſs any ſuch thing: if ſhe exile you, if ſhe caſt you out, you may go and take refuge elſewhere. 'tis obeying her to go out of her boſom when ſhe expels us; but we ſhould even at a diſtance reſpect her, wiſh her welfare, be ready to return to her, to defend her, and to die for her.

CORIOLANUS.

Where do you get all thoſe fine notions of heroiſm? when my country has renounced me, and will no longer owe me any thing, the contract is diſſolved betwixt us. I reciprocally renounce her, and no longer owe her any thing.

CAMILLUS.

You have already forgot that we ſubſtituted our country in the place of our parents, and that it hath over us the authority of the laws, in default of which there would be no longer any fixed or regular ſociety upon earth.

CORIOLANUS.

True: I conceive that we ought to regard, as a true mother, that ſociety which hath given us birth, breeding, nouriſhment, which hath acquired ſo great rights over us by virtue of our parents and friends, which it beareth in its boſom. I am ſatisfied that we owe it what we owe to a mother, but——

CAMILLUS.

If my mother had forſaken and maltreated me, might I diſown her, and fight with her?

CORIOLANUS.

No, but you might——

CAMILLUS.

Might I deſpiſe and forſake her, if ſhe returned to me, and ſhewed a real ſorrow for her ill uſage of me?

CORIOLANUS

No.

CAMILLUS.

We ſhould therefore be always ready to re-aſſume the ſentiments of nature for our country, or rather never loſe them; and return to her ſervice, whenever ſhe opens the way to us.

CORIOLANUS.

I own that courſe ſeems the beſt, but the pride and paſſion of a man highly provoked, do not ſuffer him to reflect. the inſolent Roman people trampled upon the Patricians. I could not brook the indignity; the furious people obliged me to retreat to the Volſci. when I was there, my reſentment and the deſire of recommending myſelf to that people, the Romans enemy, induced me to take up arms againſt my country. but you have ſhewed me, my dear Furius, that I ought to have quietly ſubmitted to my misfortune.

CAMILLUS.

We have here below, the ſhades of ſeveral great

men, who have done what I tell you. Themiſtocles having committed the fault of going away to Perſia, choſe rather to die, and even to poiſon himſelf by drinking bulls blood, than to ſerve the king of Perſia againſt the Athenians. Scipio, the conqueror of Afric, having been unworthily treated at Rome, on account of his brother who was accuſed of having taken bribes in his war againſt Antiochus, withdrew to Linternum, where he ſpent the reſt of his days in retirement, not being able to reſolve with himſelf, either to live in his ungrateful country, or to be wanting in the fidelity he owed her. this we have from himſelf ſince he came down to the kingdom of Pluto.

CORIOLANUS.

You quote other examples, but ſay not a word of your own, which is the nobleſt of all.

CAMILLUS.

'Tis true, the injuſtice done me had render'd me uſeleſs. the other captains had alſo loſt all authority. men did nothing but flatter the people; and you know how fatal it is to a ſtate, for thoſe who govern it, to feed themſelves always up with vain and flattering hopes. all of a ſudden the Gauls, with whom they had broke their faith, gained the battle of Allia: Rome had been gone, had they purſued the Romans. you know that the youth ſhut themſelves up in the Capitol, and the Senators waited death in their curule chairs. 'tis needleſs to recount the reſt, which you have heard an

hundred times over. had I not ſtifled my reſentment, in order to ſave my country, all had been loſt irretrievably. I was at Ardea when I learned Rome's diſtreſs: I armed the Ardeates. I underſtood by ſpies, that the Gauls, thinking themſelves maſters of every thing, were buried in wine and wantonneſs. I ſurpriſed them in the night: I made a great ſlaughter of them. whereupon the Romans, like people raiſed from the dead, ſent to invite me to be their commander. I returned anſwer, That they could not repreſent their country, nor I acknowledge them in ſo doing; and that I waited the orders of the young Patricians, who were defending the Capitol, becauſe theſe were the true body of the common-wealth; that it was only them I was to obey, in putting myſelf at the head of their troops. thoſe who were in the Capitol, elected me Dictator. mean time, the Gauls were waſted by contagious diſtempers; and after a ſeven months ſiege before the Capitol, peace was at length agreed to. in the moment the money was weighing out, for which they had promiſed to withdraw themſelves, I arrived, and returned the gold to the Romans. we guard not our city, ſaid I then to the Gauls, with gold, but with ſteel: away they were ſtruck with ſurpriſe, they made off next day; I attacked them in their retreat, and cut them to pieces.

CAMILLUS AND FABIUS MAXIMUS.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

Honeſty is the beſt policy.

FABIUS.

IT belongs to the three judges to ſettle our ranks, ſince you will not yield to me: they ſhall decide the matter, and I believe them juſt enough to prefer thoſe great actions of the Punic war, when the republic was now powerful, and admired by all diſtant nations, to the petty wars of infant Rome, during which the fighting was always at the gates of the city.

CAMILLUS.

They will have no great difficulty to decide between a Roman, who was five times dictator, tho' never conſul, who triumphed four times, who merited the title of Second Founder of Rome, and another citizen, who did but ſpin out the time by cunning, and fly before Hannibal.

FABIUS.

I deſerved the title of Second Founder better than you; for Hannibal and the whole power of the Carthaginians, from which I delivered Rome, were an evil more formidable than the incurſion of a mob of

Barbarians, which you diſperſed. you will be hard put to it, when you come to compare the taking of Veii, which was but a village, with that of the lofty and warlike Tarentum, that ſecond Lacedemon, whereof it was a colony.

CAMILLUS.

The ſiege of Veii was of greater conſequence to the Romans than that of Tarentum. one muſt not judge by the ſize of the city, but by the miſchiefs it occaſioned to Rome. Veii was then ſtronger in proportion for Rome in her infant-ſtate, than Tarentum was afterwards for Rome, that had augmented her power by ſuch a train of proſperity.

FABIUS.

But that petty town of Veii you were ten years in taking, the ſiege laſted as long as that of Troy: and therefore you entered Rome after that conqueſt in a triumphal car drawn by four white horſes: you muſt needs make vows too in order to obtain that mighty ſucceſs; you promiſed the gods the tithe of the booty. upon this promiſe they enabled you to take the town; but it was no ſooner taken than you forgot your benefactors, and gave the plunder to the ſoldiers, tho one would think the gods deſerved the preference.

CAMILLUS.

Such faults are committed without any ill intention, in the tranſport of a new-gained victory: but the Roman ladies paid my vow; for they gave all the

gold of their jewels to make a cup weighing eight talents, which was offered in the temple of Delphi. wherefore the ſenate ordered a public elogium to be made upon each of theſe generous women after their death.

FABIUS.

I conſent to their elogium, but by no means to yours. for you broke your vow, and they fulfilled it.

CAMILLUS.

None can tax me with having ever been guilty of a willing breach of faith. I gave one good proof of my honour.

FABIUS.

I ſee our ſchoolmaſter afar off coming with his trite ſtory.

CAMILLUS.

Think not to make a mock of it; the ſchoolmaſter does me no ſmall honour. the Falerians had, after the manner of the Greeks, employed a man acquainted with letters to educate their children in common, to the end that ſociety, emulation, and the maxims of public ſpirit might render them ſtill more children of the commonwealth than of their parents. the traitor came and delivered up the whole youth of the Falerians to me. I now had that people entirely at my mercy, by poſſeſſing ſo precious hoſtages; but I abhorred both the traitor and the treachery; I did not do, like thoſe who are honeſt but by halves, and love

the treaſon tho' they deteſt the traitor. I commanded the lictor to tear the ſchoolmaſter's cloaths from off his back; I cauſed his hands to be tied behind him, and I charged the children to whip him all the way back to their city. was not that honourable dealing? what think you, Fabius?

FABIUS.

I think that action glorious, and that it does you more honour than the taking of Veii.

CAMILLUS.

But do you know the ſequel? it plainly ſhews what virtue does, and how far generoſity is even better policy than cunning.

FABIUS.

Did not the Falerians, touched with your behaviour, ſend ambaſſadors to you, in order to throw themſelves and their city at your diſcretion, ſaying, they could do nothing better for their country than ſubmit it to a man ſo juſt and ſo much a foe to villainy?

CAMILLUS.

'Tis true they did: but I ſent their ambaſſadors to Rome for the deciſion of the ſenate and people.

FABIUS.

You dreaded the envy and jealouſy of your fellow-citizens.

CAMILLUS.

Had I not reaſon? the more we practiſe virtue be-

yond others, the more ought we to fear provoking their jealouſy. beſides, I owed that deference to the republic; however, they would give no deciſion, but ſent back the ambaſſadors to me, and I finiſhed the affair with the ſame generous procedure with which I had begun it. I left the Falerians at liberty to govern themſelves according to their own laws, and concluded with them a juſt peace, and honourable for their city.

FABIUS.

I have heard that the ſoldiers of your army were highly exaſperated at that peace, for they expected a great booty.

CAMILLUS.

Was I not to prefer Rome's glory and my own honour to the avarice of the ſoldiers?

FABIUS.

I allow it. but to return to our queſtion: you do not know perhaps that I have given ſtronger proofs of probity than you did in the affair of your ſchoolmaſter.

CAMILLUS.

No; I do not know it, nor indeed can I believe it.

FABIUS.

I had agreed with Hannibal about an exchange of priſoners, and that thoſe who could not be exchanged ſhould be ranſomed at the rate of two hundred and fifty drachms a man. the exchange ended, it proved

that there were over the number of the Carthaginian priſoners, two hundred and fifty Romans to be ranſomed. the ſenate diſapproves my treaty, and refuſes payment: whereupon I ſent my ſon to Rome to ſell my eſtate, and paid at my own expence all the ranſoms which the ſenate would not. you were generous only at the charge of the commonwealth; but I was ſo upon my own coſt: what you did was only in concert with the ſenate; what I did was in oppoſition to the ſenate itſelf.

CAMILLUS.

It is no hardſhip for a man of ſpirit to ſacrifice a little money, in order to purchaſe ſo much glory. for my part, I ſhewed my generoſity by ſaving my ungrateful country. but for me, the Gauls had not even left you a city of Rome to defend. come, let us go before Minos, that he may put an end to our conteſt, and aſcertain our ranks.

FABIUS MAXIMUS
AND
HANNIBAL.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

A general ought to ſacrifice his reputation to the public ſafety.

HANNIBAL.

MANY a ſorry day and ſleepleſs night have I made you paſs. come, own it honeſtly.

FABIUS.

'Tis true: but I had my revenge.

HANNIBAL.

Not much of that neither: you did nothing but retire before me, and ſeek inacceſſible encampments upon the mountains; you were ever in the clouds. it was but a bad way to retrieve the Roman reputation, to betray ſo much fear.

FABIUS.

One muſt always mind the main chance. after the loſs of ſo many battles, I had compleated the republic's ruin, had I hazarded freſh engagements. it was expedient to raiſe the ſpirits of our troops, to accuſtom them to your arms, to your elephants, to your ſtratagems, to your order of battle; to let you diſſolve in the pleaſures of Capua, and to wait till you waſted away your ſtrength by degrees.

HANNIBAL.

But in the mean time you diſhonoured yourſelf by your timorouſneſs. a fine reſource for a country after ſo many misfortunes, is a captain, who dares to attempt nothing, who, like a hare, ſtarts at his own ſhadow, who finds no rocks ſteep enough for his ever-trembling troops to clamber over! this was cheriſhing the cowardice in your camp, and augmenting the courage in mine.

FABIUS.

It was better to diſhonour one's ſelf by ſuch cowardice than to cauſe the whole flower of the Romans to be cut off, as did Terentius Varro at Cannae. what tends to ſave one's country, and to render the enemies victories fruitleſs, can never diſhonour a captain. the world ſees he has preferred the public ſafety to his own reputation, which is dearer to him than life, and that ſacrifice of his reputation muſt needs acquire him a great one. tho' indeed his reputation is not in queſtion, there is no danger of any thing but the raſh cenſures of certain critics, who have not extenſive enough views to ſee how far that ſlow manner of making war may prove advantageous in the end. one muſt even let people be talking, who conſider only what is preſent and palpable. when once by your patience you have obtained a good ſucceſs, the very perſons who have moſt condemned you, will be the moſt forward in your applauſe. they

judge only by the ſucceſs. do but ſucceed, and they will load you with encomiums.

HANNIBAL.

But what ſhould your allies think?

FABIUS.

I let them think what they pleaſed, ſo I ſaved Rome; rightly judging that I ſhould be cleared from all their cenſures, when I had got the better of you.

HANNIBAL.

Of me! you never once had that glory. I ſhewed that I could laugh at all your military skill; for with fires faſtened to the horns of a great number of oxen, I gave you the ſlip, and decamped in the night, while you ſtill imagined me hard by your camp.

FABIUS.

Thoſe ſtratagems may deceive any body, but they are no wiſe deciſive in the caſe betwixt us. in ſhort, you cannot diſown but I weakened you, retook ſome ſtrong-holds, and retrieved the diſaſters of the Roman troops. and had not the young Scipio robbed me of the glory, I had driven you out of Italy. if Scipio accompliſhed it, 'twas becauſe there was ſtill a Rome ſaved by the wiſdom of Fabius. ceaſe therefore to laugh at a man who by giving a little ground before you, was the cauſe of your leaving Italy, and occaſioned the fall of Carthage. 'tis of ſmall moment to dazzle by diſadvantageous beginnings, the main matter is to end well.

RHADAMANTHUS, CATO THE CENSOR, AND SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

Avarice is a crabbed and cenſorious paſſion, which diſhonours the greateſt virtues.

RHADAMANTHUS.

WHO art thou, old Roman? tell me thy name. thou haſt but an ominous phyſiognomy, a ſtern and ſnappiſh countenance. thou lookeſt like an ugly, red-haired fellow; at leaſt I ſuppoſe thou haſt been ſuch in thy youth. thou haſt been, if I miſtake not, upwards of an hundred when thou dieddſt.

CATO.

No; I was but fourſcore and ten, and I thought my life very ſhort: for I liked vaſtly to live, and enjoyed a courſe of perfect good health. my name is Cato; haſt thou never heard of me, of my wiſdom, of my courage againſt the wicked?

RHADAMANTHUS.

O! I could eaſily know thee by the picture given me of thee. ay, 'tis juſt thyſelf, the very ſame perſon, ever ready to extol himſelf and to ſnarl at others.

but I have a difference to ſettle between thee and the great Scipio who vanquiſhed Hannibal. So ho, Scipio, make haſte and come hither: here is Cato come at laſt, I purpoſe to judge your old quarrel immediately. ſtand forth then, and let each plead his own cauſe.

SCIPIO.

As for me, I have to complain of the malicious jealouſy of Cato; it was unworthy of his high reputation: he ſided with Fabius Maximus, and was his friend for no other reaſon but in order to attack me. he wanted to prevent my paſſing into Afric. they were both timorous in their politics. beſides, Fabius knew only his old method of ſpinning out the war, of avoiding battles, of encamping in the clouds, of waiting till the enemies ſhould waſte themſelves away. Cato, who out of pedantry loved old people, adhered to Fabius, and grew jealous of me, becauſe I was young and daring. but the chief cauſe of his prejudice was his avarice: he would have the war carried on frugally, as he planted his cabbages and onions. I again was for having it waged with vigour, in order to bring it to a ſpeedy and proſperous iſſue; and was deſirous that the Public ſhould conſider, not what it would coſt, but the actions I would perform. poor Cato was quite forlorn, for he wanted always to govern the commonwealth as he did his cottage, and to gain victories at a reaſonable rate. he did not ſee that Fabius' deſign would not

ſucceed; never would he have driven Hannibal out of Italy. Hannibal was dextrous enough to ſubſiſt in it at the country's expence, and to preſerve allies. he would alſo have brought over continual ſupplies of freſh troops from Afric by ſea. had not Nero defeated Aſdrubal before he could join his brother, all had been gone. the dallier Fabius had been without reſource; and Rome ſo preſſed by ſuch an enemy, muſt needs have yielded at the long-run. but Cato did not ſee that neceſſity of making a powerful diverſion, in order to tranſport to Carthage the war, which Hannibal had found means to carry to Rome. I therefore demand reparation for all the wrongs Cato hath done me, and for the perſecutions he hath raiſed againſt my family.

CATO.

And I demand reward for having maintained juſtice and the public good againſt thy brother Lucius, who was a robber. let us drop the African war, wherein thou wert more happy than wiſe; and let us come to the point. was it not a baſe thing in thee, to extort from the republic the command of an army for thy brother who was incapable of it? thou didſt promiſe to follow him, and to ſerve under him. thou wert his pedagogue in that war againſt Antiochus. thy brother committed all manner of injuſtice and extortion. thou didſt ſhut thine eyes, that thou mightſt not ſee it. a fraternal fondneſs had blinded thee.

SCIPIO.

How? did not that war end gloriouſly? the great Antiochus was defeated, expelled and repulſed from the coaſts of Aſia. this was the laſt enemy that could diſpute the ſovereign power with us. after him all kingdoms fell one upon another at the Romans feet.

CATO.

'Tis true, Antiochus might have given trouble enough, had he taken Hannibal's advice: but he only trifled his time away, and diſhonoured himſelf by infamous pleaſures. he married a young Greek in his old age. then it was Philopemen ſaid, that had he been protector of the Acheans, he would eaſily have defeated the whole army of Antiochus by ſurprizing them in the tippling-houſes. thy brother, and thou, Scipio, had no great difficulty to overcome enemies who had already overcome themſelves by their ſenſuality and ſoftneſs.

SCIPIO.

The power of Antiochus was however formidable.

CATO.

But let us return to our point. did not Lucius, thy brother, rob, plunder, ravage? wouldſt thou have the face to ſay that he governed like an honeſt man?

SCIPIO.

After my death thou hadſt the ſeverity to condemn him in a fine, and wouldſt have had him ſeized by lictors.

CATO.

He richly deſerved it. and thou who hadſt——

SCIPIO.

As for me, I plucked up a ſpirit, when I ſaw the people turning againſt me. inſtead of anſwering the accuſation, I ſaid: Come, let us go to the Capitol, and thank the gods that on a day like this I conquered Hannibal and the Carthaginians. after which I expoſed myſelf no more to the caprice of fortune. I retired to Linternum, far from an ungrateful country, where I lived in a peaceful ſolitude, reſpected by all men of honour, and waited death like a philoſopher. this it was that Cato the implacable Cenſor obliged me to: and this it is for which I demand juſtice.

CATO.

Thou reproacheſt me with what conſtitutes my glory. I ſpared no body in point of juſtice. I made the moſt illuſtrious Romans tremble. I ſaw how manners were daily growing more corrupt through pride and pleaſures. for inſtance, can I be refuſed immortal praiſes for having expelled the ſenate Lucius Quinctius (who had been Conſul, and was brother to T. Q. Flaminius the conqueror of Philip king of Macedon) who had the cruelty to cauſe a man to be put to death before a young boy whom he loved, in order to gratify the child's curioſity with ſo horrid a ſpectacle.

SCIPIO.

I own that action was juſt, and that thou didſt often puniſh the guilty. but thou wert too violent againſt every body; and when thou hadſt done a good action, thou boaſtedſt of it too groſſly. doſt thou remember thy having formerly ſaid, that Rome owed more to thee than thou owedſt to Rome? ſuch a ſpeech was ridiculous in the mouth of a man of gravity.

RHADAMANTHUS.

What anſwereſt thou, Cato, to this charge?

CATO.

That I actually ſupported the Roman republic againſt the ſoftneſs and pride of the women, who corrupted its manners; that I kept the great in awe of the laws; that I practiſed myſelf what I taught others; and that the republic did not in return take my part againſt thoſe I had made my enemies only for her ſake. as my eſtate lay in the neighbourhood of that of Manius Curius, I propoſed from my youth to imitate that great man in ſimplicity of manners, while, on the other hand, I took Demoſthenes for my model of eloquence; inſomuch that I was even called the Latin Demoſthenes. every day was I ſeen going naked with my ſlaves to labour the ground. but think not that this application to agriculture and eloquence diverted me from the military art. at the age of ſeventeen I ſhewed myſelf intrepid in the wars againſt Hannibal. very early was my body co-

vered with ſcars. when I was ſent prætor into Sardinia, I aboliſhed the luxury that all other prætors had introduced before me. I meant nothing but to eaſe the people, and to reject all bribes. being made conſul, I won a battle in Spain, on this ſide the Betis, over the Barbarians. after this victory, I took more towns in Spain than I was days in it.

SCIPIO.

Another inſupportable brag! but it is not new to us, for often haſt thou made it, and many that have come hither within theſe twenty years have made me laugh with it. but, honeſt Cato, it is not before me thou ſhouldſt talk ſo. I know Spain, and thy noble conqueſts.

CATO.

It is certain, that four hundred towns ſurrendered to me almoſt at one and the ſame time, and thou never madeſt ſo many.

SCIPIO.

Carthage alone is worth more than all thy four hundred villages.

CATO.

But what wilt thou ſay of my conduct under Maximus Acilius, in marching over ſuch precipices, and ſurpriſing Antiochus in the mountains between Macedonia and Theſſaly?

SCIPIO.

I approve that action, and it were unjuſt to refuſe it commendations: they are all due to thee for ha-

ving reſtrained evil manners; but nothing can excuſe thy ſordid avarice.

CATO.

So thou talkeſt, becauſe it was thou, that didſt accuſtom the ſoldiers to live delicately. but it muſt be conſidered, that I found myſelf in a republic, which was daily growing more and more corrupted. expences increaſed without meaſure; a fiſh gave now more money than an ox had done when I entered upon public affairs. 'tis true, that things at the loweſt price, to me appeared ſtill too dear, when they were of no uſe. I ſaid to the Romans: What avails it you to govern nations, if your vain and corrupted women govern you? was I in the wrong to ſpeak thus, when they lived in ſo ſhameleſs a manner? every one ruined himſelf, and ſtuck at no baſeneſs or diſhoneſty, to procure wherewithal to ſupport his extravagant expences. I was cenſor: I had acquired ſome authority from my age and virtue; how then could I be ſilent?

SCIPIO.

But why be ſtill informer-general at fourſcore and ten? a fine occupation for that age!

CATO.

'Tis the occupation of a man who hath loſt none of his vigour, or of his zeal for the common weal, and who ſacrificeth himſelf for its ſake to the odium of the great, who want to lead diſorderly lives with impunity.

SCIPIO.

But thou haſt been as oft accuſed as thou haſt accuſed others. thou haſt been ſo, I think, as good as threeſcore and ten times, and that at the age of fourſcore years.

CATO.

'Tis true; and I glory in it. it was not poſſible but the wicked ſhould by calumnies wage a continual war againſt a man, who never paſſed them any thing.

SCIPIO.

Thou hadſt thy own difficulties to defend thyſelf againſt the laſt accuſations.

CATO.

I own it, and is it any wonder? 'tis very hard to give account of one's whole life before men of another age. I was a poor old man expoſed to the inſults of the youth, who thought I doted, and who counted as fables all I had done formerly. when I would at any time be relating it, they did nothing but gape and laugh at me as an eternal Egotiſt.

SCIPIO.

They were not far in the wrong. but after all, why wert thou ſo fond of reprehending others? thou wert like a ſnarling cur that barks at all who go paſt.

CATO.

I found all my life, that I learned much more by reproving fools, than by converſing with the wiſe.

the wiſe are ſuch but by halves, and give but faint leſſons; but fools are throughly fools, and a perſon has but to ſee them to know how he ſhould not behave.

SCIPIO.

I allow it. but thou who wert ſo wiſe, why wert thou at firſt ſuch an enemy to the Greeks?

CATO.

Becauſe I was afraid the Greeks would communicate to us their art much more than their wiſdom, and their diſſolute manners than their ſciences. I did by no means like all thoſe muſicians, poets, painters, ſculptors: all that tends only to an idle curioſity, and a voluptuous life. I thought it better to keep our ruſtic ſimplicity, our laborious and ſober life in agriculture, to be more unpoliſhed, and to live better, to talk leſs about virtue, and to put it more in practice.

SCIPIO.

Why then didſt thou afterwards take ſo much pains in thy old age to learn the Greek tongue?

CATO.

I at laſt ſuffered myſelf to be enchanted by the Syrens, like the reſt. I liſtened to the Grecian muſes. but I am much afraid all thoſe little Greek ſophiſters that come ſtarving to Rome to make their fortune, will complete the corruption of the Roman manners.

SCIPIO.

Thy fears are not without grounds: but thou ſhouldſt alſo have been afraid of corrupting the Roman manners by thy avarice.

CATO.

I avaritious! I was a good husband; I wanted to let nothing be loſt, and yet I ſpent too much.

RHADAMANTHUS.

O! the plain language of avarice, which thinks itſelf always prodigal.

SCIPIO.

Was it not ſhameful for thee to forſake agriculture, in order to run into the moſt infamous uſury? thou thoughtſt, towards thy latter days, as I have heard, that thy lands and flocks did not yield thee a ſufficient income; and ſo didſt turn uſurer. was that a trade for a Cenſor, who wanted to reform the city? what haſt thou now to anſwer?

RHADAMANTHUS.

Thou dareſt not ſpeak, and I ſee plainly that thou art guilty. this is a cauſe pretty hard to judge. I muſt, my friend Cato, at once puniſh and reward thee. thou puzzleſt me vaſtly. be this then my deciſion. I am touched with thy virtues and great actions in behalf of the commonwealth; but then what likelihood is there of an uſurer's getting into the Elyſian fields? no: that were too great a ſcandal. thou ſhalt remain therefore, if it pleaſe thee, at the gate. but thy con-

ſolation ſhall be to keep others out alſo. thou ſhalt controll all who preſent themſelves. thou ſhalt be cenſor here below as thou waſt at Rome. thou ſhalt have for ſmaller gratifications all the virtues of mankind to carp at. I deliver up to thee L. Scipio, L. Quintius, and all the reſt, on whom to vent thy choler. thou mayſt alſo exerciſe it upon the other defuncts, who ſhall croud from all quarters of the univerſe, Roman citizens, great captains, barbarous kings, tyrants of nations: all ſhall be ſubject to thy ſpleen and ſatyr. but beware of L. Scipio; for I appoint him to cenſure thee, in his turn, without mercy. here is money for thee to lend to all the dead, who ſhall have none in their mouth to pay their paſſage of Charon's ferry. if thou lend it out to any upon uſury, Lucius will not fail to acquaint me of it, nor I to puniſh thee as the moſt infamous of thieves.

SCIPIO,

AND

HANNIBAL.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

Virtue is its own reward.

HANNIBAL.

HERE are we two met again, as we were in Afric a little before the battle of Zama.

SCIPIO.

'Tis true: but to-day's conference is very different from that other. we have no more glory to acquire, nor victory to obtain. we have now nothing remaining but a vain and faint ſhadow of what we have been, with a dream-like remembrance of our adventures. 'tis this makes Hannibal and Scipio friends. the ſame gods who laid Carthage in the duſt, have reduced to a few aſhes the conqueror of Carthage whom you ſee.

HANNIBAL.

It hath been doubtleſs in your ſolitude of Linternum, that you learned all this fine philoſophy.

SCIPIO.

Though I had not learned it in my retreat, I ſhould here. for death gives the ſtrongeſt leſſons of the vanity of all that the world moſt admires.

HANNIBAL.

Diſgrace and retirement have not been without their uſe towards your making theſe ſage reflexions.

SCIPIO.

I grant it: but you have, no leſs than I, had thoſe inſtructions from fortune. you were witneſs to the fall of Carthage, were fain to abandon your country, and after making Rome tremble, were forced to fly its vengeance, by wandering from country to country like a vagabond.

HANNIBAL.

'Tis true: but I did not abandon my country till I could no longer defend her, and till ſhe could no longer protect me. I quitted her in order to prevent her utter ruin, and that I might not ſee her thraldom. you, on the contrary, were forced to quit your country at her higheſt pitch of glory, and that glory ſhe derived from you. can ought be harder! what ingratitude!

SCIPIO.

That we muſt expect from men, even when we ſerve them beſt. thoſe who do good out of ambition, are always diſcontented. ſooner or later fortune ſtill betrays them, and men they find ungrateful. but when we do good for the love of virtue, the virtue we love does always ſufficiently recompence by the pleaſure there is in following it, and makes us deſpiſe all other rewards, of which we are deprived.

SCIPIO

AND

HANNIBAL.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

Ambition knows no bounds.

SCIPIO.

METHINKS I am ſtill at our conference before the battle of Zama; but we are not here in the ſame ſituation, being no more at variance. all our wars are extinguiſhed in the waters of the river of Oblivion; after having each of us conquered ſo many provinces, a little urn ſerves to collect our aſhes.

HANNIBAL.

All that is true. our paſt glory is now but a dream, we here have nothing to conquer: for my part, I grow weary of this inactive ſtate.

SCIPIO.

You muſt own you were reſtleſs and inſatiable.

HANNIBAL.

Why ſo! I think I was very moderate.

SCIPIO.

Moderate! what moderation! at firſt the Carthaginians thought only of maintaining themſelves in the weſtern part of Sicily. the wiſe king Gelo, and

then the tyrant Dionyſius had given them a good deal of exerciſe.

HANNIBAL.

True; but after that we thought to ſubdue all thoſe flouriſhing cities, which were governed like ſo many commonwealths, as Leontum, Agrigentum, and Selinus.

SCIPIO.

But in fine, the Romans and Carthaginians lying over againſt each other, with the ſea between, looked upon each other with a jealous eye, and diſputed the iſland of Sicily, which lay in the middle betwixt the two pretending nations. this ſure was the boundary of your ambition.

HANNIBAL.

By no means: we had alſo our pretenſions on the ſide of Spain. new Carthage gave us in that country an empire almoſt equal to that of the old in the heart of Afric.

SCIPIO.

All that is true: but it was in ſome part for your trade that you firſt eſtabliſhed yourſelves on the Spaniſh coaſt. the commodiouſneſs you there found inſpired you gradually with the deſign of conquering thoſe vaſt countries.

HANNIBAL.

At the time of our firſt war with the Romans, we

ever powerful in Spain, and had soon been masters of it, but for your republic.

SCIPIO.

In short, the treaty which we concluded with the Carthaginians, obliged them to renounce all the countries that lie between the Pyrenees and the Ebro.

HANNIBAL.

Force reduced us to that shameful peace. we had suffered infinite losses both by sea and land. my father, who turned all his thoughts towards retrieving our unhappy circumstances, made me swear at the altars, when but nine years old, to be, to the day of my death, an irreconcilable enemy to the Romans. I swore it; I fulfilled it. I attended my father into Spain: after his death I commanded the Carthaginian army, and you know what happened.

SCIPIO.

Yes I know it, and you too know it to your cost. but if you made considerable progress, it was because you found fortune every where coming to meet you, and inviting you to follow her. the hopes of joining the Gauls our ancient enemies, induced you to cross the Pyrenees. the victory you gained over us upon the Rhone encouraged you to pass the Alps. you there lost a great many soldiers, horses, and elephants. when you had passed, you easily defeated our astonished troops, whom you surprized at Ticinum. one victory draws on another by damping the spirits of the vanquished, and procuring many allies

to the victors; for all the petty nations of the country flock always to the ſtrongeſt ſide.

HANNIBAL.

But what think you of the battle of Trebia?

SCIPIO.

It was no hard purchaſe, coming upon the back of ſo many others. after that you were maſter of Italy. Thraſymenus and Cannae were rather fields of blood than of battle. you pierced through all Italy: now tell the truth, you did not at firſt expect ſo great ſucceſs?

HANNIBAL.

I did not know how far I might go; but I had a mind to try my fortune. I diſconcerted the Romans by ſo bold and unforeſeen a puſh. when I found fortune ſo favourable, I thought I ought to improve her kindneſs. ſucceſs inſpired me with deſigns, which I ſhould never have dared to conceive.

SCIPIO.

Well, is not that what I was ſaying? Sicily, Spain, Italy, were now nothing to you. the Greeks with whom you had confederated would ſoon have bended under your yoke.

HANNIBAL.

But did not you, who ſpeak, do preciſely what you reproach us with having been capable of doing? Spain, Sicily, Carthage itſelf, and Afric were nothing: quickly all Greece, Macedon, all the Iſlands, Egypt, and Aſia fell at your feet: and you had even great diffi-

only to suffer the Parthians and Arabians to be free. the whole world was now too small for those Romans, who for the space of five hundred years had been confined to conquer round about their city the Volsci, the Sabines and the Samnites.

SYLLA, CATILINE AND CAESAR.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

The fatal consequences of vice do not reclaim corrupted men.

SYLLA.

CÆSAR, I come in haste to give you an advice, and have brought a very good second to back me; Catiline by name. you know him, and were but too much of his cabal. don't be afraid of us; ghosts do no harm.

CAESAR.

I could well dispense with your visit: your figures are dismal, and your counsels will perhaps be still more so. but what have you so pressing to tell me?

SYLLA.

That you must by no means aspire to tyranny.

CAESAR.

Why so? did not you aspire to it yourself?

SYLLA.

Doubtless; and 'tis for that very reason we are

the more to be minded, when we adviſe you to renounce it.

CAESAR.

For my part, I reſolve to imitate you in every thing; to aim at the tyranny as you aimed at it, and then to return, like you, from the other world, after my death, to undeceive the tyrants who ſhall come after me.

SYLLA.

This is not a time for your jokes and witticiſms. we ghoſts are for nothing but the ſerious. let us come to the point. I voluntarily quitted the tyranny, and found my account in ſo doing. Catiline ſtrove to arrive at it, and unfortunately miſcarried in the attempt. theſe be two very inſtructive examples for you.

CAESAR.

I do by no means underſtand your fine examples. you firſt held the commonwealth in chains, and then were ſilly enough to degrade yourſelf. after quitting the ſupreme power you lived diſparaged, diſpirited, obſcure, uſeleſs. the fortunate man was abandoned by fortune. there now is one of your examples which I do not at all comprehend. as for the other, Catiline had a mind to make himſelf maſter, and ſo far he did well: but he did not rightly know how to take his meaſures; and ſo much the worſe for him. for my part, I ſhall attempt nothing, but with due precaution.

CATILINE.

I had taken the ſame meaſures you do. I flattered the youth, corrupted them by pleaſures, engaged them in crimes, involved them in expences, and drowned them in debt. I got into power by means of the women of an intriguing and pragmatical ſpirit. could you have done better?

CAESAR.

You talk of things I know nothing about. every one does as he may.

CATILINE.

'Tis yet in your power to avoid the rocks I ſplit upon, and I am come to warn you of them.

SYLLA.

For my part, I tell you again, that I found my account in renouncing public affairs before my death.

CAESAR.

Renounce public affairs! ſhould one abandon the commonwealth in its exigencies?

SYLLA.

Ah! that is not what I mean: there is a wide difference between ſerving it and tyranniſing over it.

CAESAR.

Why then did you ceaſe to ſerve it?

SYLLA.

Oh! you will not hear me. I ſay that a man ſhould ſerve his country to the day of his death; but that he ſhould neither aim at tyranny, nor maintain himſelf in it when attained.

CAESAR AND CATO.

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

Deſpotic and tyrannical power is ſo far from ſecuring the quiet and authority of princes, that on the contrary it renders them unhappy, and draws inevitable ruin upon them.

CÆSAR.

ALAS! my dear Cato, thou art in a piteous caſe: what a dreadful wound!

CATO.

I ſtabb'd myſelf at Utica after the battle of Thapſus, that I might not ſurvive liberty: but thou whoſe pity I move, how comes it that thou haſt followed me ſo ſoon? what do I perceive! how many wounds on thy body! ſtay, let me count them: no leſs than three and twenty!

CÆSAR.

Thou wilt be greatly ſurpriſed when I tell thee that I received ſo many ſtabs in the midſt of the ſenate, from my beſt friends. what horrid treachery!

CATO.

No, I am not at all ſurpriſed at it: waſt thou not the tyrant of thy friends as well as of the reſt of thy

citizens? was it not their duty to lend an helping hand to the revenging of their oppreſſed country? they ought to have ſacrificed not only their friend, but even their own brother, after the example of Timoleon; and their own children, as did old Brutus.

CÆSAR.

One of his deſcendants has but too well followed that fine precedent: Brutus, whom I ſo much loved; Brutus, who paſſed for my own ſon; that very Brutus was head of the conſpiracy againſt me.

CATO.

O happy Brutus! who hath made Rome free, and hath immortalized his hands in the blood of a ſecond Tarquin, more impious and proud than he who was expelled by Junius.

CÆSAR.

Thou wert ever prejudiced againſt me, and extreme in thy maxims of virtue.

CATO.

Who was it prejudiced me againſt thee? thy diſſolute, prodigal, crafty, effeminate life; thy debts, thy cabals, thy audaciouſneſs: this it was prepoſſeſſed Cato againſt that man, whoſe ſaſh, trailing robe, and air of ſoftneſs, promiſed nothing worthy of the ancient manners: nor didſt thou at all deceive me; I knew thee from thy youth. O! had I been believed——

CÆSAR.

Thou wouldſt have involved me in Catiline's conſpiracy, in order to ruin me.

CATO.

Thou then didſt live a woman's life, and waſt a man only againſt thy country. what means did I not uſe to convict thee? but Rome was running headlong to her deſtruction, and would not know her enemies.

CÆSAR.

Thy eloquence, I own, alarmed me, and made me have recourſe to authority; yet canſt thou not deny but I brought myſelf off like a clever fellow.

CATO.

Say, like a clever villain. thou didſt dazzle the wiſeſt by thy moderate and inſinuating language; thou didſt favour the conſpirators upon pretence of not puſhing rigour too far. I alone oppoſed, but in vain: from that time the gods were provoked againſt Rome.

CÆSAR.

Tell me now the truth: thou didſt fear, after the battle of Thapſus, thy falling into my hands; thou wouldſt have been horridly confounded to appear before me. but ah! kneweſt thou not that I wanted only to conquer and to pardon?

CATO.

'Twas the tyrant's pardon, 'twas life itſelf; yea, the life of Cato due to Caeſar that I feared: it was better to die than to ſee thee.

CÆSAR.

I would have uſed thee generouſly, as I did thy ſon. hadſt thou not better been ſtill living for the ſuccour and ſupport of the commonwealth?

CATO.

There is no more commonwealth, when there is no more liberty.

CÆSAR.

But ſhould one therefore fall foul on one's ſelf?

CATO.

My own hands ſet me at liberty in ſpite of the tyrant, and I deſpiſed the life he had to proffer me. as for thee, thy own friends were obliged to tear thee in pieces like a monſter.

CÆSAR.

But if life was ſo ſhameful for a Roman after my victory, why didſt thou ſend me thy ſon? hadſt thou a mind to make him degenerate?

CATO.

Every one follows the dictates of his own heart in his choice to live or die: Cato could not but die; his ſon, not ſo great a man as he, might yet ſupport life, and hope, by reaſon of his youth, to ſee freer and happier times. alas! what did I not ſuffer, when I let my ſon go to the tyrant!

CÆSAR.

But why the tyrant? I never took the title of King.

CATO.

'Tis the thing, not the name, that is in queſtion. beſides, how often waſt thou ſeen to uſe various indirect arts to accuſtom the ſenate and people to thy royalty. Antony himſelf, at the feaſt of the Lupercalia, had the impudence under colour of a joke, to incircle thy head with a diadem. this jeſt looked too like earneſt, and ſtruck immediate horror. thou didſt eaſily perceive the public indignation, and ſo didſt remit to Jupiter an honour which thyſelf did not dare to accept. this it was that fully determined the conſpirators upon thy deſtruction. well, have we not pretty good intelligence here below?

CÆSAR.

Too good: but thou doſt not do me juſtice. my government was mild; I behaved myſelf like a true father of the country: of this one may judge from the grief the people teſtified after my death: that, you know, is a time, when flattery is no longer in ſeaſon. alas! poor folks! when my bloody robe was preſented to them, how ſanguine were they to revenge me! what were the regrets! what pomp in the field of Mars at my funeral! what haſt thou now to anſwer?

CATO.

That the people is always the people, credulous, groſs, capricious, blind, and an enemy to its true intereſt. for, having favoured the ſucceſſors of the tyrant, and perſecuted their deliverers, what hath that

people not ſuffered? how much of the pureſt blood of the citizens hath through numberleſs proſcriptions ſtream'd! the Triumvirs were more barbarous than the very Gauls that took Rome. happy he who hath not ſeen thoſe days of deſolation! but now tell me, O tyrant, wherefore didſt thou tear out the bowels of Rome thy mother? what reapeſt thou now from having enſlaved thy country? was glory thy aim? ſhouldſt thou not have found a purer and a brighter in preſerving the liberty and greatneſs of that city, Miſtreſs of the world, like Fabius, Fabricius, Marcellus, Scipio? or, if thou wantedſt a pleaſant and a happy life, didſt thou find it in the horrors inſeparable from tyranny? every day of thy life was as big with danger to thee, as that whereon ſo many citizens immortalized their virtue by butchering thee, the ſight of every true Roman muſt needs have thrown thee into a panic. was this then that quiet and happy life which thou didſt purchaſe at the price of ſo much trouble, and of ſo many crimes? but what do I ſay? thou haſt not even had time to enjoy the fruit of thine impiety. ſpeak, tyrant, ſpeak; 'tis now as much pain to thee to ſtand my looks, as it would have been to me to have borne thy hated preſence, when I embraced death at Utica. ſay, if thou dareſt, that thou waſt happy.

CÆSAR.

I confeſs I was not: but it was ſuch as thou that diſturbed my happineſs.

CATO.

Say rather thyſelf diſturbed it. hadſt thou loved thy country, thy country would have loved thee: he whom his country loveth, hath no need of guards; his whole country watches round him. true ſafety lies in doing nought but good, and in giving every body a concern in one's preſervation. thou wouldſt reign, and make thyſelf feared. well, thou didſt reign, thou waſt fear'd: but men delivered themſelves from the tyrant and their fear together. ſo periſh thoſe, who wanting to be feared by all men, have themſelves every thing to fear from all men, by making it their intereſt to be beforehand with them, and to deliver themſelves from their tyranny.

CÆSAR.

But that power which thou calleſt tyrannical was become neceſſary. Rome could no longer maintain her liberty; and ſo muſt have a maſter. this Pompey was beginning to be, and I could not bear that he ſhould be ſo to my prejudice.

CATO.

Thou ſhouldſt have pulled down the tyrant, without aſpiring to the tyranny. in fine, if Rome was grown ſo daſtardly as to be no longer able to want a maſter, thou hadſt better have let that crime alone to another. when a traveller is like to fall into the hands of villains, who are preparing to rob him, ought a man to make haſte to prevent them by committing ſo horrid an action? but the too great authority of Pom-

pey ſerved thee only for a pretence. do not we know what thou ſaidſt as thou waſt going to Spain, in a petty town where ſeveral citizens were ſoliciting the magiſtracy? doſt thou think we have forgot thoſe Greek verſes that were ſo often in thy mouth? beſides, if thou waſt ſenſible of the miſery and infamy of tyranny; why didſt thou not quit it?

CÆSAR.

Ah! how was it poſſible to quit it? the aſcent is ſteep and rugged; but there is no road for coming down again; there is no getting out of it, but by falling over the precipice.

CATO.

Unhappy man, why then aſpire to it? why overturn every thing to attain it? why ſpill ſo much blood, and not even ſpare thy own, which however was ſhed too late? thou vainly ſeekeſt excuſes.

CÆSAR.

And thou doſt not anſwer me: I ask thee, how one can with ſafety quit the tyranny?

CATO.

Go ask Sylla the queſtion, and now hold thy peace: conſult that blood-thirſty monſter; his example will make thee bluſh. farewel: I dread the indignation of Brutus's ghoſt, did it ſee me talking with thee.

CATO

AND

CICERO.

DIALOGUE XL.

The character of these two philosophers, with a contrast of what was too outrageous and austere in the virtue of the one, and too weak in that of the other.

CATO.

I EXPECTED you, great orator, long ago; 'tis a great while since you should have arrived: but you have come as late as you possibly could.

CICERO.

I am come after a death full of courage, I have fallen a victim to the commonwealth; for ever since the time of Catiline's conspiracy, when I saved Rome, none could be an enemy to the republic, without declaring war against me.

CATO.

Yet I have understood you found favour with Caesar by your abject submissions; that you lavished the highest encomiums upon him; that you were an intimate friend of all his reptile favourites, and that you even persuaded people in your letters to have recourse to his clemency in order to live tamely in the

heart of Rome in ſervitude. ſuch the uſe of eloquence!

CICERO.

'Tis true I harangued Caeſar to obtain the pardon of Marcellus and Ligarius.

CATO.

Ah! is it not better to be ſilent than to employ one's eloquence in flattering a tyrant? O Cicero! I had more art than you: I had the art to be ſilent, and to die.

CICERO.

You have not ſeen a fine obſervation I made in my Offices, which is, that every one ought to act up to his character. there are ſome men of a proud and untractable ſpirit, who ought to ſupport that auſtere and violent virtue even unto death. it is not allowable for them to bear the ſight of a tyrant; they have nothing for it but to kill themſelves: on the other hand, there is a mild and more ſociable virtue of certain moderate perſons, who love the commonwealth beyond their own glory: theſe ought to live, and to keep meaſures with the tyrant for the public good; they owe themſelves to their citizens, and it is not lawful for them to complete their country's ruin by a precipitate death.

CATO.

You have faithfully diſcharged that duty; and if we are to judge of your love to Rome by your fear of death, I muſt own that Rome owes you a great deal. but perſons that talk ſo fine, ſhould ſo artfully make

all their words correſpondent, as not to contradict themſelves. that Cicero, who extolled Caeſar to the skies, and who was not aſhamed to pray the gods not to envy men ſo great a bleſſing; with what face could that Cicero afterwards ſay, that the murderers of Caeſar were the Deliverers of their country? what a groſs contradiction! what infamous baſeneſs! can the virtue of a man be relied on, who truckles thus to the times?

CICERO.

It was expedient to accommodate one's ſelf to the exigencies of the ſtate. this compliance was ſtill more juſtifiable than the war of Afric undertaken by Scipio and you, contrary to all the rules of prudence. for my part, I had foretold, as may be ſeen in my letters, that you would miſcarry in it. but your inflexible and violent temper could ſuffer no moderate overtures, you were born for extremities.

CATO.

And you to fear every thing. as you have oft yourſelf confeſſed, you were capable of nothing but foreſeeing inconveniences. the prevailing party brought you always over ſo far as to make you recant your former ſentiments. have you not been ſeen to admire Pompey, and exhort all your friends to give themſelves up to him? did you not afterwards think that Pompey would bring Rome into bondage, if he got the better of Caeſar? how, ſaid

you, will he ever truſt honeſt men, when he is maſter; ſeeing he will not truſt any of us during the war, wherein he ſtands in need of our aſſiſtance? in fine, did you not admire Caeſar? did you not court and praiſe Octavius?

CICERO.

But I attacked Antony: what can be more vehement than my harangues againſt him, like thoſe of Demoſthenes againſt Philip?

CATO.

They are admirable; but Demoſthenes knew better than you how to die. Antipater could give him neither death nor life. were you obliged to fly as you did, without knowing whither you went, and to wait death from the hands of Popilius? I did better to embrace it voluntarily at Utica.

CICERO.

And I think it better never to have deſpaired of the commonwealth to my dying hour, and to have ſupported it by moderate counſels, than to have waged a weak and imprudent war, and quitted the field in a fit of deſpair.

CATO.

Your negociations turned out no better than my African war. for, Octavius, young as he was, played upon the great Cicero, who was the light of Rome: he made a tool of you in order to get into power; and then delivered you up to Antony. but you that

talk of war, did you ever know ought about it? I have not yet forgot your noble conqueſt of Pindeniſſus, a petty town in the ſtreights of Cilicia, little harder to take than a ſheepfold. for this glorious expedition nothing leſs would ſerve you than a Triumph. the ſupplications appointed by the ſenate were not ſufficient for ſuch exploits. you may remember my anſwer to the ſollicitations you made me upon that head: you ought to be better pleaſed, ſaid I, with the commendations of the ſenate which by your good conduct you have deſerved, than with a triumph, which would leſs ſpeak the virtue of the triumpher, than the ſucceſs wherewith the gods had crowned his enterprizes. thus do people endeavour, as they can, to amuſe men that are vain, and incapable of judging for themſelves.

CICERO.

I confeſs I was ever very fond of praiſe; but is it any wonder? did I not richly deſerve it by my conſulſhip, by my public ſpirit, by my eloquence; in fine, by my taſte for philoſophy? when I ſaw no further poſſibility of ſerving Rome under her misfortunes, I comforted myſelf in an honeſt receſs, by writing upon virtue.

CATO.

You had better practiſed it in time of danger, than wrote upon it. come, own it fairly, you were but a mean copier of the Greeks. you blended Plato with

Epicurus, the Old Academy with the New; and after playing the hiſtorian upon their precepts, in dialogues which were generally rather ſoliloquies, you could hardly ever bring ought to a concluſion. you were always a ſtranger to philoſophy, and thought of nothing but adorning your wit with its beauties; in ſhort, you were ever a waverer, both in politics and philoſophy.

CICERO.

Cato, farewel: your ill humour carries you too far; to ſee you ſo moroſe, one would be tempted to think that you regret the loſs of life. for my part, that gives me no pain, tho' I have not pretended to ſo much heroiſm. you have an over-weaning conceit of yourſelf, for having done in dying what a great many ſlaves have done, with as much courage as you.

CAESAR AND ALEXANDER.

DIALOGUE XLI.

The characters of a tyrant, and of a prince, who, born with the finest qualities for making a great king, gives himself up to his pride and passions. both are the scourges of mankind; but the one is an object of pity, whereas the other is the detestation of humanity.

ALEXANDER.

WHO is this Roman new come down? he has got many a stab. hah! I hear them saying it is Caesar—— I greet thee well, great Roman; the rumour went that thou wert going to subdue the Parthians, and to conquer the whole East: how come we then to see thee here?

CÆSAR.

My friends assassinated me in the senate-house.

ALEXANDER.

What! hadst thou become their tyrant, thou who wert but a private citizen of Rome?

CÆSAR.

It well becomes thee to talk so! didst not thou make the unjust conquest of Asia? didst not thou bring Greece into servitude?

ALEXANDER.

Yes: but the Greeks were a foreign people, and enemies to Macedon. I never did, like thee, enſlave my own country; on the contrary, I gave the Macedonians an immortal glory with the empire of the whole Eaſt.

CÆSAR.

Thou didſt vanquiſh effeminate men, and then grew as effeminate as they. thou ſeizedſt the riches of the Perſians; and the riches of the Perſians, by corrupting thy heart, vanquiſhed thee. haſt thou brought down to theſe infernal regions that mad pride, which made thee fancy thyſelf a god?

ALEXANDER.

I acknowledge my faults and follies. but does it become thee to upbraid me with my ſoftneſs? who does not know thy infamous life in Bithynia, thy corruption at Rome, where thou obtainedſt the higheſt honours merely by ſhameful intrigues. but for thine infamous practices, thou hadſt never been more than a private perſon in thy commonwealth. 'tis true indeed thou wouldſt have been ſtill in life.

CÆSAR.

Thou metteſt at Babylon from poiſon what I met at Rome from the ſword.

ALEXANDER.

My captains could not poiſon me guiltleſs; thy fellow-citizens, by poniarding thee, are become the

Deliverers of their country. thus are our deaths very different; but the firſt part of our lives was ſtill more ſo. my youth was chaſte, noble, ingenuous: thine had neither ſhame nor honeſty.

CÆSAR.

Thy ghoſt hath loſt nothing of the pride and paſſion that appeared in thy lifetime.

ALEXANDER.

I was hurried away by my pride, I confeſs. thy conduct was more circumſpect than mine; but thou didſt by no means imitate my candour and openneſs. thou ſhouldſt have been an honeſt man before thou hadſt aſpired to the glory of a great man. I often was weak and vain; but I was ſurely a better friend to my country, and leſs unjuſt than thou.

CÆSAR.

Thou layeſt great ſtreſs upon juſtice, without having followed it thyſelf. for my part, I think the cleverest fellow ſhould make himſelf maſter, and then govern wiſely.

ALEXANDER.

I was but too much of thy mind. Æacus, Rhadamanthus and Minos have ſeverely reprimanded me for it, and have condemned my conqueſts. yet in all my extravagances I never thought juſtice to be deſpiſed; nor will it fare the better with thee, that thou haſt tranſgreſſed it.

CÆSAR.

The Romans are great lofers by killing me: I had formed ſchemes to make them happy.

ALEXANDER.

The beſt ſcheme had been to have imitated Sylla, who having been, like thee, the tyrant of his country, reſtored its liberty to it; then hadſt thou, like him, ended thy days in peace: but thou canſt not believe me. well, I go, and ſhall meet thee at the bar of the three Judges, by whom thou muſt now be tried.

CAESAR AND POMPEY.

DIALOGUE XLII.

Nothing is more fatal in a free ſtate than the corruption of the women, and the prodigality of thoſe who aſpire to the tyranny.

POMPEY.

I RUN myſelf out in expences, in order to pleaſe the Romans, and yet have much ado to compaſs it. by the time I was five and twenty I had triumphed: I vanquiſhed Sertorius, Mithridates, the pirates of Cilicia; theſe three triumphs attracted me a thouſand enviers; I make continual largeſſes, I give public ſhews, I win numberleſs clients by my benefactions: yet all this appeaſes not envy; ſtern Cato even refuſes my alliance; a thouſand others thwart my deſigns. what thinks my father-in-law of the matter? he ſays not a word.

CÆSAR.

I think you take a very bad method to govern the commonwealth.

POMPEY.

How ſo? what do you mean? do you know a

better than giving largely to private perſons, in order to ſecure their votes, than winning the favour of the people by gladiators, by the fighting of wild beaſts, by doles of corn and wine? in ſhort, than getting a great many zealous clients for the Sportulae I beſtow? have not Marius, Cinna, Fimbria, Sylla, and all the other clever fellows taken the ſame courſe?

CÆSAR.

All that does not hit the aim. you are quite an ignoramus: Catiline had better ſenſe than they all.

POMPEY.

Wherein? you ſurpriſe me: do you ſpeak ſeriouſly?

CÆSAR.

Indeed, I do: I never was more ſerious in my life.

POMPEY.

And what, pray, is this wonderful ſpecific for appeaſing envy, for curing ſuſpicions, for charming the Patricians and Plebeians?

CÆSAR.

Would you know it? do as I do: I adviſe you to nothing but what I practiſe myſelf.

POMPEY.

What? to flatter the people with a ſhew of juſtice and liberty? to play the hotſpur Tribune, and the zealous Gracchus?

CÆSAR.

That is ſomething, but not all: there is ſtill ſomewhat much more effectual.

POMPEY.

What, pray? is it any magical enchantment, invocation of a familiar, or knowledge of the ſtars?

CÆSAR.

Pſhaw! all that is nonſenſe; mere old women's tales.

POMPEY.

How ſcornful you are! you have no doubt ſome commerce with the gods, like Numa, Scipio, and ſome others.

CÆSAR.

No, no; all theſe artifices are worn thread-bare.

POMPEY.

What can it be then? hold me no longer in ſuſpence.

CÆSAR.

Why, I'll tell you; the two fundamental points of my doctrine are theſe: firſt, to corrupt all the women, in order to get into the moſt intimate ſecrets of every family. in the ſecond place, to borrow and ſpend without intermiſſion or meaſure; and never to repay any thing. every creditor has an intereſt in promoting your advancement, that he may not loſe the money you owe him: he gives you his own vote, and runs through fire and water

to procure you thoſe of his friends. the more creditors you have, the ſtronger is your party. in order to make myſelf maſter of Rome, I make it my buſineſs to be a general debtor to the whole city. the more I am involved, the greater is my power: we have but to ſpend, and riches will flow upon us.

CICERO

AND

AUGUSTUS.

DIALOGUE XLIII.

To oblige the ungrateful is to ruin one's self.

AUGUSTUS.

SAVE thee, great orator: I am heartily glad to ſee thee again, for I have not forgot the obligations I have to you.

CICERO.

You may remember them here below, but you did not much remember them in the world.

AUGUSTUS.

Do not ſay ſo: even after your death, I one day found one of my grand-children reading your works: he looked confounded at my catching him ſo employed, fearing I would reprimand him for it; but ſo far from that, I encouraged him, by ſaying of you: 'He was a great man, and loved his country dear-'ly.' ſo you ſee I did not wait till the end of my life to ſpeak well of you.

CICERO.

A fine reward for all I did to raiſe you! when you appeared in the world young, and without au-

thority after the death of Caesar, I gave you my counsels, my friends, my credit.

AUGUSTUS.

You did it not so much for my sake as to counter-ballance the authority of Antony, whose tyranny you feared.

CICERO.

'Tis true, I feared not a boy so much as that powerful passionate man? in this however I erred; for you were more dangerous than he. but in short, to me you owe your advancement: what did I not say to the senate on your behalf, while you were at the siege of Modena, wherein the two victorious consuls, Hirtius and Pansa fell? their victory served only to bring you to the head of the army. it was I who had caused the republic to declare against Antony, by my orations, that were named Philippic. instead of fighting for those who had first put arms into your hand, you basely combined with Antony your enemy, and Lepidus the most infamous of men, in order to enslave Rome. when this monstrous Triumvirate was formed, you asked men's lives, or rather men's deaths, of each other. every one, to obtain crimes of his associate, was obliged to commit some himself. Antony was forced to sacrifice to your revenge L. Caesar his own uncle, in order to obtain my death from you, and you most ungenerously gave me up to his fury.

AUGUSTUS.

It is true: I could not deny a man I ſtood in need of towards making myſelf maſter of the world: it was a violent temptation, and ſo may be excuſed.

CICERO.

So black ingratitude can never be excuſed: but for me you had never appeared in the government of the commonwealth. O! how do I regret the praiſes I beſtowed upon you. you were but a deceitful and perfidious friend, and became a cruel tyrant.

AUGUSTUS.

What a torrent of abuſes! I fancy you are going to make a Philippic againſt me, more vehement than thoſe againſt Antony.

CICERO.

No; I left my eloquence in the Stygian waves. but poſterity will know that I made you what you were, and that it was you who put me to death in order to gratify Antony's paſſion. what grieves me moſt is, that your baſeneſs, while it ſhall render you odious to all ages, will make me contemptible to the cenſorious. they will ſay, I was the tool of a young man, who made me ſubſervient to his ambition. one reaps nothing but ſorrow and ſhame from obliging baſe-born men.

SERTORIUS

AND

MERCURY.

DIALOGUE XLIV.

Fables and illuſions do more with the credulous vulgar than truth and virtue.

MERCURY.

I AM very ſorry I am in ſuch haſte to return to Olympus, for I want vaſtly to know which way thou didſt end thy life.

SERTORIUS.

I'll tell thee in two words: the young prentice and the old woman were not both able to vanquiſh me. the traitor Perpenna put me to death; had it not been for him, I ſhould have given my enemies ſome play for it.

MERCURY.

Whom calleſt thou the young prentice and the old woman?

SERTORIUS.

Don't you know? why, Pompey and Metellus. Metellus was grown dull and heavy, irreſolute, old and failed; he loſt deciſive opportunities by his ſlowneſs. Pompey, on the other hand, was without

experience. with a parcel of Barbarians I laughed at both thoſe captains and their legions.

MERCURY.

I don't wonder at that; for they ſay thou wert a magician, that thou hadſt a hind which came into thy camp, and told thee all thine enemies deſigns, and what thou mightſt attempt againſt them.

SERTORIUS.

So long as I ſtood in need of my hind, I diſcovered the ſecret to no-body; but now that I can no longer make uſe of her, I'll tell you the whole myſtery.

MERCURY.

Well, was it any enchantment?

SERTORIUS.

None at all. it was a whimſical ſtratagem that did me more ſervice than my money, my troops, or the remains of Marius's party, which I had picked up in a corner of the mountains between Spain and Luſitania. a ſeaſonable illuſion goes a great way with credulous people.

MERCURY.

But was not that a very groſs illuſion?

SERTORIUS.

No doubt, but the people it was prepared for were ſtill groſſer.

MERCURY.

How! did thoſe Barbarians believe all thou toldſt about thy hind?

SERTORIUS.

Every word of it. I might have ſaid much more, and they would have believed it all. had I at any time by ſcouts or ſpies diſcovered the enemy's march, it was the hind that whiſpered it in my ear. was I beaten, the hind ſpoke to me to declare that the gods were about to retrieve my party: the hind ordered the inhabitants of the country to ſend me in all their force, leſt peſtilence and famine ſhould devour them. was my hind loſt ſome days and then privately found again, I cauſed her to be kept very cloſe, and by ſome preſage or other foretold her ſpeedy return: after which I made her re-enter into the camp, where ſhe did not fail to bring me news from your godſhips. in ſhort, my hind did every thing; ſhe alone repaired all my misfortunes.

MERCURY.

That creature ſerved thee better than thou didſt us: for ſuch impoſtures bring a diſcredit upon immortals, and greatly prejudice our myſteries. in plain terms, thou wert a profane wretch.

SERTORIUS.

I was no more ſo than Numa with his nymph Egeria; than Lycurgus and Solon with their ſecret converſation with the gods; than Socrates with his familiar ſpirit; in fine, than Scipio with his myſterious way of going to the Capitol to conſult Jupiter, who inſpired all his warlike enterpriſes againſt Carthage. all theſe were impoſtors as well as I.

MERCURY.

But they were ſuch only in order to eſtabliſh good laws, or to render their country victorious.

SERTORIUS.

And I to defend myſelf againſt the party of the tyrant Sylla, who had oppreſſed Rome, and who had ſent citizens debaſed into ſlaves to cut me off as the laſt ſupport of liberty.

MERCURY.

And ſo thou lookeſt upon the whole commonwealth and Sylla's party as one and the ſame thing. the truth is, thou ſtoodſt alone againſt all the Romans. but in ſhort, thou didſt impoſe on thoſe poor Barbarians under cloak of religious myſteries.

SERTORIUS.

I did, 'tis true: but when a man has to do with fools, he muſt needs amuſe them with nonſenſe, if he would attain his ends. did he tell them nothing but ſolid truths, they would not believe him. trump up fables; flatter, amuſe, great and ſmall will run after you.

POMPEY

AND

MENAS

THE FREED-MAN.

DIALOGUE XLV.

The character of a man, who not loving virtue for its own ſake, is neither good enough to hate the treaſon, nor bad enough to be the traitor.

MENAS.

SHALL I do a noble deed?

POMPEY.

How now! thou art all in confuſion, thou looketſt like a Sibyl in her cave, ſweltring, foaming, furious.

MENAS.

'Tis with joy. O happy opportunity! were the caſe mine, all had been over ere now. ſhall I? in one word, yes or no?

POMPEY.

Do what? thou explaineſt nothing, and yet requireſt an anſwer. ſay, prithee, what thou meaneſt; ſpeak plain.

MENAS.

You have Antony and Octavius reclined at yonder table in your ship: they just now dream of nought but regaling themselves.

POMPEY.

Dost thou think I have not eyes to see them?

MENAS.

But have you ears to hear me? what a fine catch!

POMPEY.

How! wouldst thou have me to betray them? to break the faith plighted to my enemies? the son of the great Pompey to act the part of a villain? O! Menas, thou knowest me ill.

MENAS.

You understand me still worse. it is not you that are to do the deed: here is the hand ready for it: keep your word of honour like a great man, and let Menas alone who has promised nothing.

POMPEY.

But wouldst thou have me, to whom they have trusted themselves, let thee alone? wouldst thou have me to know and to suffer it? ah! Menas, honest Menas, why didst thou tell it me? why didst thou ask any questions?

MENAS.

Oh! you shall know nothing of the matter: I'll cut the cable, and we shall put out to sea. Rome's two tyrants are in your hands. your father's manes will be revenged of Caesar's heirs. Rome will be at

liberty. let no vain ſcruple deter you. Menas is not Pompey: Pompey ſhall be true to his word, generous, loaded with glory: Menas the freed-man, Menas ſhall perpetrate the crime, and the victorious Pompey ſhall reap the benefit.

POMPEY.

But Pompey cannot know the crime, and permit it, without partaking of the guilt. ah wretch! thou haſt ruined all by ſpeaking to me. how ſorry I am that thou didſt not what was in thy power!

MENAS.

If you are ſorry, why do you not permit it? and if you cannot permit it, why are you ſorry? if the thing is good, you ſhould boldly reſolve it without any more ado; if it is bad, why wiſh it were done, and not conſent that it be done? you contradict yourſelf: a phantom of virtue renders you apprehenſive. you make me very ſenſible of the truth of the ſaying: 'That a man muſt have a ſtout heart to 'venture upon great crimes.'

POMPEY.

'Tis true, Menas, I am neither good enough not to be willing to take the benefit of a crime, nor wicked enough to dare to commit it myſelf. I find myſelf in a middle ſtate, which is neither virtue nor vice. it is not true honour, but a falſe ſhame that reſtrains me. I cannot authoriſe a traitor, and yet ſhould have no abhorrence of the treaſon, were it committed to make me maſter of the world.

CALIGULA AND NERO.

DIALOGUE XLVI.

The dangers of deſpotic power, when a ſovereign has a weak head.

CALIGULA.

I AM very glad to ſee thee. thou art a rarity. ſome ghoſts have attempted to make me jealous of thee, by aſſuring me, that thou haſt outdone me in prodigies: but I don't believe a word of it.

NERO.

A fine compariſon! why, thou wert a madman. as for me, I made ſport of men, and ſhewed them things they had never ſeen before. I put to death my mother, my wife, my governor, and my preceptor; I burned my country. theſe be feats of a noble courage, riſing above human weakneſs. the vulgar call this cruelty; but I call it a contempt of all nature, and greatneſs of ſoul.

CALIGULA.

Thou art a braggadocio. didſt thou ſtifle thy dying father as I did? didſt thou careſs thy wife like me, telling her, My pretty little head, I ſhall have thee cut off, when I pleaſe.

NERO.

Thoſe were only merry conceits. for my part, I advance nothing but what is ſolid. Oh! I had almoſt forgot one of the fineſt paſſages of my life; and that was making away with my brother Britannicus.

CALIGULA.

That is ſomething, I confeſs: no doubt thou didſt it in imitation of the virtue of Rome's great founder, who, for the public weal, ſpared not the blood of his own brother; however, thou wert at beſt but a muſician.

NERO.

As for thee, thou hadſt higher pretenſions; thou wouldſt be nothing leſs than a god, and maſſacre all who doubted it.

CALIGULA.

And why not? could men's lives have been better beſtowed than in ſacrifices to my godſhip? they were ſo many victims offered upon my altars.

NERO.

I never gave into ſuch whims: but I was the greateſt muſician, and the moſt perfect player in the empire: I was alſo a good poet.

CALIGULA.

At leaſt thou thoughtſt ſo: but others thought no ſuch thing. they laughed at thy voice and thy verſes too.

NERO.

They laughed not at them for nothing. Lucan

had cauſe to repent his attempting to excel me.

CALIGULA.

A noble honour truly for a Roman emperor, to mount the ſtage like a buffoon, to grow jealous of the poets, and to attract the public deriſion!

NERO.

It was the trip I made into Greece that fired me with ſuch a paſſion for the ſtage, and for all manner of repreſentations.

CALIGULA.

Thou ſhouldſt have ſtay'd in Greece, there to have earned thy living as a comedian, and allowed Rome to find another emperor who ſhould better ſupport its majeſty.

NERO.

Had I not my gilded houſe, which was to have been greater than the greateſt cities? ay truly, I underſtood magnificence.

CALIGULA.

Had that houſe been finiſhed, the Romans muſt have gone to ſeek quarters ſomewhere elſe than in Rome. it was proportioned to the Coloſſus which repreſented thee, and not to thee, who wert no bigger than another man.

NERO.

That was becauſe I aimed at the grand.

CALIGULA.

No, thou aimedſt at the gigantic and monſtrous.

but all thoſe noble deſigns were overthrown by Vindex.

NERO.

And thine by Chereas, as thou waſt going to the theatre.

CALIGULA.

'Tis needleſs to lye, we both came to an unhappy end, and that in the bloom of our youth.

NERO.

The truth of it is; few were diſpoſed to put up prayers for us, or to wiſh us a long life. a man paſſes his time but badly in the continual apprehenſion of poniards.

CALIGULA.

By thy way of ſpeaking thou wouldſt make one believe, that didſt thou return to the world thou wouldſt change thy manner of living.

NERO.

Not at all, I ſhould never be able to command myſelf. doſt thou ſee, my good friend, thou haſt found as well as I, how dangerous a thing it is to have ſovereign authority when one has but a weak head; it very quickly turns in ſuch boundleſs power. ſome men would have behaved themſelves wiſely in middle ſtations, who run mad when maſters of the world.

CALIGULA.

Such madneſs would be very pleaſant, had it no-

thing to fear; but conſpiracies, commotions, remorſes, and the cares of a great empire ſpoil the ſport. beſides, the farce is but ſhort, or rather it is a deep tragedy that cloſes with an abrupt cataſtrophe. and then one muſt come here and reckon with three teſty, ſevere, old prigs, who are not to be played withal, and who puniſh as miſcreants thoſe who claimed adoration upon earth. I ſee Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, Heliogabulus, all coming loaded with chains; they are like to paſs their time no better than ourſelves.

ANTONINUS PIUS

AND

MARCUS AURELIUS.

DIALOGUE XLVII.

A man ſhould love his family well, but his country better.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

O MY father, I ſtand in great need of ſome comfort from thee. I never thought I could have felt ſo lively a grief, having been bred in the inſenſible virtue of the Stoics, and eſpecially after deſcending into theſe bleſt abodes, where every thing is ſo calm and undiſturbed.

ANTONINUS.

Alas, my poor ſon! what misfortune is it that troubles thee ſo much? thy tears are very unbecoming a Stoic. what is the matter, pray?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Ah! 'tis my ſon Commodus, whom I juſt now ſaw: he hath diſhonoured our name that was ſo grateful to the people. a proſtitute has got the wretch murdered by way of prevention; he having marked

her down in the list of the persons he was to put to death.

ANTONINUS.

I knew he led a scandalous life. but why didst thou neglect his education? thou art the cause of his unhappy fate; he hath much more reason to complain of thy neglect which hath undone him, than thou to complain of his disorderly courses.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I had not leisure to think of a child, involved as I was always in the multiplicity of the affairs of so great an empire, or in foreign wars: and yet for all that I took some care of him. alas! had I been a mere private person, I should myself have instructed and formed my son; I should have left him an honest man; but I left him too much power to leave him moderation or virtue.

ANTONINUS.

If thou foresaweſt that empire would spoil him, thou shouldst have forbore to make him emperor, both for the sake of the empire which needed to be well governed, and for the sake of thy son, who would have made a better figure in a lower station.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I never foresaw that he would grow corrupted.

ANTONINUS.

But shouldst thou not have foreseen it? did not a father's fondness blind thee? as for me, I made choice

of a ſtranger in thy perſon to the neglect of all the intereſts of my family. hadſt thou done as much, thou hadſt not had ſo many vexations; but thy ſon hath reflected as much ſhame upon thee, as thou didſt me honour. now tell me the truth, ſaweſt thou nothing bad in the young man?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I ſaw ſome pretty conſiderable faults in him, but I was in hopes he would mend.

ANTONINUS.

That is to ſay, thou wert willing to make a trial, at the empire's coſt. hadſt thou ſincerely loved thy country beyond thy family, thou wouldſt not have choſe to hazard the public weal, in order to ſupport the private grandeur of thy houſe.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

To ſpeak ingenuouſly, I never had any other intention, than to prefer the empire to my ſon. but the affection I had for him hindered me from obſerving him ſo narrowly. in my doubts, I inclined to the favourable ſide, and my hopes got the better of my fears.

ANTONINUS.

O what misfortune it is that the beſt of men ſhould be ſo imperfect; and that having ſo much difficulty to do good, they ſhould ſo frequently commit irreparable evil undeſignedly!

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I saw him a handsome fellow, dextrous at all the bodily exercises, and surrounded with wise counsellors, who had enjoyed my confidence, and were capable to moderate his youth. 'tis true his natural disposition was fickle, violent, voluptuous.

ANTONINUS.

Knewest thou no man in Rome more worthy of the empire of the world?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I confess, there were many; but I thought I might prefer my son, provided he was duly qualified.

ANTONINUS.

What signified then that language of so heroic virtue, when thou wrotest to Faustina; that if Avidius Cassius was more worthy of the empire than thou and thy family, it was fit he should prevail, and that thy family should perish with thee. why didst thou not follow those generous maxims, when thou camest to chuse a successor? did not thy duty to thy country require thee to prefer the worthiest?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I own my fault: but the wife whom thou hadst given me with the empire, and whose disorderly life I bore with out of gratitude to thee, suffered me not to keep up to the purity of those maxims. by giving me thy daughter with the empire, thou didst commit the first fault, of which mine was but the consequence. thou

made me two preſents, one whereof ſpoiled the other, and hindered me from making a right uſe of it. I was loth to commit myſelf by blaming thee; but thou driveſt me to it. didſt not thou do the ſame for thy daughter, that thou reproacheſt me with doing for my ſon?

ANTONINUS.

While I reproach thee with thy fault, I am far from diſowning mine: but I had given thee a wife who had no authority: ſhe had nothing but the name of empreſs. thou couldſt, and thou ſhouldſt have divorced her according to the laws, when thou foundſt her bad behaviour. in ſhort, thou oughtſt to have been beyond a woman's importunities. beſides, ſhe was dead, and thou waſt free, when thou lefteſt the empire to thy ſon. thou haſt acknowledged the fickle and fiery temper of that youth. he thought of nothing but giving public ſhews, handling the bow, ſhooting wild beaſts, and being as wild as they. he turned gladiator, diſtracted his imagination, going clothed with nothing but a lion's ſkin, as if he had been Hercules; he plunged into the moſt abominable vices, and purſued all his ſuſpicions with a monſtrous cruelty. O my ſon, forbear thy excuſes! ſo ſenſeleſs and wicked a fellow could never have deceived a perſon of thy penetration, had not thy fatherly fondneſs weakened thy prudence and virtue.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.